

The G RAIL



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JULY, 1942

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THE GRAIL

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And What of America's Future?

Martha Lee Forgy

WE AMERICANS are united in a single thought today—America's future!

Never has it seemed so perilous, so uncertain, so dangerously threatened as now.

But, as we observe, once again, Independence Day we Americans are also united in a single resolve—to preserve that independence, the right to live justly and speak freely, in the God-fearing country that our forebears left as a precious heritage.

It will not be an easy task. The path to Victory will be marked with travail, for no longer are we laboring under the illusion that our enemies are to be vanquished with one swift blow.

With the appearance of submarines in the mouth of the great Mississippi to the south and in the St. Lawrence to the north, the reality of war has crept close to our thresholds.

The Pearl Harbor atrocity such a few months ago brought us to a rude awakening—shook us, to some extent at least, out of our perhaps over-confident complacency.

Today, our radios, bringing almost daily reference to expected retaliatory invasion of our eastern, as well as our western, coast by the Japanese—the warning that the bombing of our nation's capitol is not incredible—should do more than that. It should destroy in each American the last vestige of complacency and strengthen in each the determination to let nothing overcome the freedom, the principles and ideals which our forefathers established and for which they lived, fought and died.

We must emerge from the conflict victorious. But this war, so different in its widespread, wholesale despotism and ruthlessness from those of the past, cannot alone be won by brawn and bone, superior weapons of



John Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation

land and sea and air, or the sacrifices and spilled blood of our men and boys.

Those things we must have, but might and sacrifice alone is not enough.

True, every defense plant must be kept going twenty-four hours a day, armaments must come pouring forth in constant stream, shipyard building must be rushed and planes and bombers must be produced without cessation. And the youth of our nation must be inducted and trained. But that alone is not enough.

Every American, regardless of age or sex, should have a part in defeating our foes. Wholeheartedly many women throughout our forty-eight states are giving generously of their time to civilian defense and Red Cross work. Girl and Boy Scouts are busy gathering up necessary salvage and doing numerous other helpful jobs, while many men, too old to join the armed forces, are training as air raid wardens.

All of these things, too, are neces-

sary. But, again, they alone are not enough.

The strengthening of our Allied Forces is important and, with the declaration of war on the Axis powers by various South American countries and Mexico, the announcements and commentaries were made in our own United States with understandable enthusiasm.

Added strength is essential but we, who ally ourselves in the strife for right, must go one step farther. We must turn back to God.

Continue to induct the men of our nation, keep the tanks and bombers rolling from the plants day and night and strengthen our unity for freedom's preservation we must, but even more vital is our earnest petition for spiritual guidance and strength to carry on.

John Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice, told the graduates of Notre Dame May 10th as they prepared to lay their studies aside and launch into the difficult future of uncertainty, "You face a challenge to prove yourselves worthy of the shining shield of spiritual strength and moral uprightness with which your University has endowed you."

Today, the challenge is ours; that of every American of every age as well as those stepping from colleges and universities across the threshold of life. Will we prove ourselves worthy of the shining shield of spiritual strength and moral uprightness?

We must.

And Director Hoover believes we will.

"Not since those dark days at Valley Forge, when the immortal Washington prayed for victory, have our ideals and principles, upon which our government is based, been so dangerously threatened," he warns.

"The horror of Nazi destruction, Japanese plunder, and the Fascist echo of the Hitler call is no longer a fiendish nightmare but a grim reality that ruthlessly reveals our unhappy plight. There can be no middle ground. We will either emerge victorious or submerge to a state of serfdom. We are in the war—we Americans who love peace—but no matter what happens in the future we shall always keep our heads high for God and country.

"Red-blooded Americanism, typified by the valorous men of Notre Dame, will not permit our nation to bow in defeat. True defense of a democracy comes from unity of mind, soul and body. American patriotism is inseparable from religion; is strengthened by fervent religious expressions and devotions, and Americans should be more and more religious—reverently and ardently and sincerely religious—for the purpose of carrying through to victory in this war. By placing our faith and trust in God, and rising as one in righteous wrath with every weapon we can muster, democracy will vanquish the godless forces of dictators."

From now on, until victory is achieved and a righteous peace made secure, there can be no deviation or compromise, he cautions.

"Appeasement, like a dreaded plague brought by Munich-minded men who surrendered to wrong, must be forever quarantined from America. Cannons are booming, airplanes zooming and bombs are crashing on a hundred fronts, thousands of miles from home. But the war also has reached our very shores. The death-dealing torpedoes of Axis submarines are sending many a supply ship to the bottom of the ocean within sight of either coast.

"And, increasingly, our homes are sending forth sons, with a spirit traditionally American, to avenge our brave men who have fallen on the battlefronts. But in our eagerness to share their sacrifice, let us not forget that the success or failure of our armed and naval forces, as always, will be predetermined on the home-front."

Director Hoover terms free speech as the incomparable fruit of democ-

cracy which not only has the right but the duty to defend itself and he points out that unless democracy jealously defends itself, the free speech and liberty that Americans in every generation have died for will become a meaningless mockery, a tragic memory in a hapless world of subjugation.

"Would it not have been better had a few Quislings and potential fifth columnists been deprived of

TEST TUBE PEACE

Man's blind perversity!
Within the world's great pharmacy
Base human wills
Make bitter pills
And vials filled with woe
Unclassified for all mankind.

But wise physicians know
Where men the magic formula may find
That self-inflicted ills will cure.

Broadcast from heaven on the night
Of Christ's true human birth,
Who came to earth
To set man's love aright,
And for that end did not refuse to die,
This message came, as flag of truce unfurled:
"Due honor give to God on high,
This will true, lasting peace ensure
For all the world."

Placidus S. Kempf, O.S.B.

their license rather than to place millions in a state of unendurable slavery in conquered countries?" he asks. "The happenings of the past, coupled with reliable information of the present, point to the fact that the real fifth column does not reveal itself until the hour has arrived to strike.

"The threat against the American people from within is not alone a Nazi threat. It is the insidious injection of several European "isms"

—a gnawing at the sinews of the Republic under the false guise of democracy," the Ace G-Man reminds us.

"For years, our abundant land has drawn foreign agents of every description to our shores. Here, in the security of a people blessed with liberty, they have sought to carry on their treacherous tasks. Like termites, they have bored deep into our social structure with a brazenness that was as daring as the blitzes of Hitler's blood-crazed forces. They insidiously sought the protection of our churches, colleges, clubs and, where need be, they created their own organizations with idealistic-sounding names to bait a gullible public. The alien foes reached their height of perfidy when they devised a program to endow University Chairs to teach young Americans the glories of a New Order, which more correctly can only be described as a state of Hell."

Today all law enforcement bodies in the land are banded together with the same determination of purpose of meeting the enemy within a united front. Tomorrow, and all the days that lie beyond, will afford each and every American an opportunity to do his bit to aid the cause of law and order in the march to Victory. And the maintenance of orderly government is the first step toward justice.

"Every young man and woman should embark upon a course of action exemplifying the highest principles, from which there should be no wavering," Director Hoover advances, "and the necessity for this is most apparent in times of emergency, for the past two years alone have witnessed an upward trend in lawlessness.

"Practically all war-torn countries are experiencing a tremendous increase in juvenile delinquency. The causes for this trend also exist in America. Increasingly, there has been a lack of parental control. We have been engulfed with all kinds of new theories, holding that self-expression should not be disciplined, whether it takes the form of petty lies, thievery or outright debauchery. Normal routines have been disrupted, wholesome recreational activities

have been curtailed and there has been a growing spirit of general wartime abandon with its attendant philosophy of 'eat, drink and be merry,' with no regard for the future and its enriching fruits."

"Already, the press has told the story of broken homes," he adds. "No nation is stronger than its homes, for they are the cornerstone of democracy. We hear much talk about rights of all kinds, but not enough about the right of a child to be brought up in an atmosphere of decency in a good home. It is a lack of religious training in the home, and in the school, that usually breeds criminals. If this country ever hopes to root out crime, it must begin at the cradle."

We must instill a moral sense of responsibility in our American youth, those leaders of tomorrow's free America when Victory has been won.

Reflecting on the past, looking forward to America's future, Director Hoover also reminds us that man cannot violate the fundamental laws of God, or of life, with impunity.

"That 'the wages of sin is death' is painted in the memory of some home within the acquaintanceship of every American," he admonishes. "There was a time when sophistication was the earmark of smartness. Unfortunately, this is still the case in many quarters. Nations have paid the penalty for smartness which have worshipped at the idolatrous shrine of materialism and license.

"Let us determine that this can never be said of America. Surely, there is hope when in quietude we realize there is a Supreme Power and when, in the stress and strain of daily life, we live in the pattern and seek the guidance of a kind Providence. But if God is good now, when we are facing tribulation, sorrow and sacrifice, so is He good in periods of peace and prosperity, if we would but give God a chance."

In the affairs of the State, a willingness alone to produce and to bear arms is not enough, the FBI director agrees.

"There must also be a willingness

to take an active role in assuming a share of civic responsibility," he sets forth. "Should law and order break down, and should there be domestic violence in the future, it will be because citizens have failed in the discharge of their duties. Crime thrives, violence and murder rage, only in that county, state or nation where law and resistance are weak. Today there is no easy road to security.

"But today America is still free and we will win the war for democracy if we unite and courageously march forward, because we are on the right side. Never was the opportunity for service to our God, to our country and to mankind greater."

And what of America's future?

"Let us dedicate ourselves to insuring freedom and opportunity for those who will follow us tomorrow," Director Hoover concludes. "And remember that it has been written in the Holy Script—'And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'"

TWO GOOD NEIGHBORS

Elizabeth Hendrix

NEXT DOOR neighbors *can* live in peace and harmony without a spite-fence between. And President Roosevelt's vision of a world in which nations live like good neighbors is not an idealist's impractical dream.

It can be done. El Paso and Juarez, two cities standing at one of the most important crossroads in America, have proved it. The stars and stripes floats over one, and the ancient Aztec emblem of the eagle on the cactus, flies above the other. The

Rio Grande flows between but it does not separate them.

There has been plenty of shooting on both sides of the river but they refrain from shooting across it. And plenty of squabbling among the citizenry on both sides but they keep their family differences to themselves.

Once, a few years ago, a situation arose which threatened to develop into a grand neighborhood row, and people on both sides held their breath



and waited for the shooting to begin. These two cities stand in the midst of a fertile valley comprising thousands of acres of rich land. It has been in cultivation for many generations by farmers who irrigated their fields with water from the Rio Grande. But Old Man River is temperamental. Sometimes he went on a tear and overflowed his banks, washing away crops, and livestock and leaving desolation behind him. At other times he went off and sulked and there was no water for the alfalfa, and beans, and orchards, and desolation of another kind followed.

At last the United States Government took the matter in hand and appropriated money to build a dam at Elephant Butte, New Mexico, which would impound the water in times of flood and give it out in times of drought. That was good news for farmers on the American side, but it meant ruin to *haciendas* and *chozas* in Mexico. It might have created a major crisis, but before that could occur the President of Mexico and the President of the United States arranged the terms of a treaty assuring justice to all, and signed their names to one of those scraps of paper which are still considered sacred in some countries.

American millions paid for material and labor which built one of the greatest irrigation dams in the world, but Mexico did her part. And all the more credit is due because it cannot be tabulated in statistics and entered on an official report.

Old Mexican men showed new graduates from American schools of engineering how to find the grass grown banks of old *acequias* used by Indians who tilled the land hundreds of years ago and who knew how to make water run up hill—almost. And they told scouts from the Department of Agriculture about crops which the Indians had grown to profit, now forgotten or never known by modern farmers. Today green alfalfa and blooming orchards, vineyards and gardens, cotton and cornfields, spread over the valley, eloquent reminders of what these good neighbors have done. It's worth coming to see.

Compromise, give and take, live and let live, give the other fellow the same kind of deal you hope to get. That's how it is done.

Even language has proved no barrier. When an American discovers a Spanish word or phrase that expresses his meaning better than English

he immediately adopts it. The same thing happens with Spanish speaking natives on the other side of the Rio Grande. The result is a conglomerate language, utterly bewildering to newcomers but entirely satisfactory to the people who speak it.

When a man in official position meets one of equal rank from the neighboring city he usually remembers his manners and addresses the visitor in his native tongue.

"*Buenas dias, señor presidente,*" the mayor of El Paso said when the mayor of Juarez stepped into his office recently.

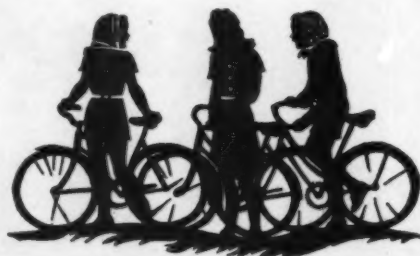
"Hello, your honor!" the caller from Juarez responded. Then they sat down and discussed the case of the Mexican sheepherder who got drafted into the army a few days ago and ran amuck and carved up some of his fellow draftees because he couldn't understand them when they kidded him in English. "It couldn't happen here," they agreed, and the matter was settled as far as they were concerned.

Mexican *Señoras* shop in El Paso for supplies that are lacking in local stores. El Paso girls go over to Juarez for costume jewelry and rare perfumes, and Customs officers on the international bridge have evolved a plan which makes it easy for shoppers but hard for anybody who is not entitled to the privilege.

Once in a while the guns at Fort Bliss are heard booming salute to a distinguished visitor. Frequently it is the commanding officer of the Juarez garrison. Nobody knows what the two generals talk about, but when the two good neighbors hear the guns they nod their heads approvingly.

When the battle-scarred church in Juarez was reopened they didn't ring bells in El Paso but they would have liked to do so. And more people than usual visited the market and the plaza just for the pleasure of seeing the priest walk once more in his rose garden.

Many strange cavalcades have passed along the trails that cross at Paso del Norte, but none stranger than the first one that came more than 300 years ago. Hundreds of ragged, half starved Indians, led by a white man clothed in the skins of dogs that had been killed for food. It was father Cabeza de Vaca, one of a company of Franciscan Friars who had been sent on a mission to the New World. The vessel was wrecked somewhere off the Galveston coast



but Father de Vaca was saved. For awhile the Indians held him as a slave. But he cured their sick and taught them a better way of life and in the end they made of him a god. When he started on his journey toward the interior of the unknown land they followed him, and helped him establish a settlement called El Paso, on the Rio Grande, where Mount Franklin guards the pass through the mountains.

The next cavalcade came from the south. It was led by Francisco de Coronado, governor of New Galicia, in Mexico. He was clad in a shining, gold plated armor. His followers were knights in glittering coats of mail, with pennants fluttering from their lances, and a guard of 800 Indians in war paint, to insure their safety and comfort.

It was a long and wearisome journey across deserts and over mountains and they began to wonder if the land they were seeking would be worth the toil and danger when they found it. So they stopped to rest and sent a courier ahead to spy out the land. If he found a good country he was to send back a runner with a cross two hands long. If it was better than the country they came from

he was to send a larger cross. When the runner arrived he had a cross as tall as a man.

Coronado went on to the settlement Father de Vaca had started and claimed the land in the name of his master, the King of Spain. Then he pushed on to the westward through the pass that Mount Franklin was guarding.

And ever since hoary Mount Franklin has been watching them come and go. Wagon trains bringing gold bullion from California mines, creeping across the *Jornado del Muerto*, the Journey of Death, an exposed plain that lies to the west of the Pass where bandits were lying in wait; from the south came two-wheeled carts heaped high with silver bricks from Mexican mines; and vast herds of cattle driven in from the ranges for shipment to northern packing houses.

And now—! Now the sky is full of planes flying low over the airways beacon on top of Mount Franklin, and along Coronado's trail go troop trains filled with khaki clad boys, their serious young faces turned toward the Pacific Coast and unknown things beyond.

From the two good neighbors voices follow them that are as one voice: "Adios! God go with you!"



ST. BENEDICT

THERE was in the time of King Totila a certain Goth named Zalla, an Arian heretic, who was inflamed with the fire of most inhuman cruelty towards religious men of the Catholic Church; whatever priest or monk came into his presence

The Life and Miracles of St. Benedict

as narrated by St. Gregory the Great in the
Second Book of Dialogues freely translated by

Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

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never escaped his hands alive. One day, inflamed with avaricious desires and bent on plundering, he was tormenting a peasant, and lacerating his body with various punishments. The peasant, overcome by suffering, said he had entrusted his wealth to the servant of God, Benedict. This he said so that, so long as it was believed by the tormentor, he might restrain his cruelty and some hours might be added to his life. Then this Zalla stopped tormenting the peasant, but, binding his arms with strong cords, Zalla began to drive him before his horse that he might point out for him this Benedict, who had charge of his wealth. With arms bound, the peasant, walking ahead, led him to the

monastery of the holy man, whom he found sitting alone reading before the entrance of the monastery. To the angry Zalla following him the peasant said, "This is the Abbot Benedict, of whom I spoke to you." With great fury and the frenzy of a depraved mind Zalla regarded Benedict, thinking to treat him in his usual cruel manner. He began to call out in a loud voice saying, "Arise, get up, and give me the wealth you have received from this peasant." At these words the man of God at once lifted his eyes from his reading, and, when he saw Zalla, he turned his attention to the peasant, who was held bound. While his eyes were looking down on his arms, in a wonderful manner the bands fastened to his arms began to unwind with such speed that they could not have been loosened so quickly by any haste of men. When he who had come bound suddenly stood free, Zalla, under the influence of such great power, fell trembling to the earth, and at the feet of the holy man, commended himself to his prayers. The holy man did not even rise from his reading, but, having called the brethren, ordered him to be conducted inside to receive a blessing. When this man was brought to him, he admonished him to desist from the folly of such cruelty. Withdrawing thus subdued, he did not presume to demand anything further from the peasant, whom the Lord's servant had loosed, not by touching, but by merely looking upon him.

Thus it is that those who serve God very faithfully can sometimes work miracles as if by their own power. Indeed he who while sitting repressed the ferocity of the terrible Goth, and with a glance loosened the knots in the thong and bands which held the arms of the innocent man, by the speed with which he wrought this miracle showed that he had received the power to do what he did.

One day when Benedict had gone out to work in the field with the brethren, a certain peasant, carrying in his arms the body of his dead son, and deeply affected by the misfortune of being childless, came to the monastery seeking the Abbot Benedict. When he was informed that the Abbot was working in the field with the brethren, he immediately laid the body of his dead son before the door of the monastery, and excited by grief, ran to find the venerable abbot. At that very hour the man of God was returning with the brethren from the work in the field. As soon as the bereaved peasant saw him, he began to exclaim, "Restore my son, restore my son."

At these words the man of God answered, saying, "Have I taken away your son?"

He answered: "He is dead; come, restore him."

Upon hearing this, the servant of God was very sad and said, "Withdraw, brethren, withdraw;

such miracles are not for us, but for the holy apostles. Why do you wish to place upon us burdens which we are not able to bear?"

But the peasant, urged on by excessive grief, persisted in his petition, swearing that he would not withdraw unless Benedict would restore his son. Then the servant of God questioned him saying, "Where is he?"

He answered: "See, I have laid his body before the monastery gate." When the man of God together with the brethren had arrived there, he knelt down and lay upon the little body of the child. Rising, he held his hands toward heaven, saying: "Lord, regard not my sins, but the faith of this man who begs the restoration of his son. Restore to this small body the soul which Thou hast taken away." Scarcely had he finished the words of prayer, when, at the return of the soul, the whole body of the boy shook and trembled noticeably. Benedict at once took him by the hand and gave him living and well to his father.

I must tell you concerning Saint Benedict, about something that he wished but could not accomplish. For his sister, named Scholastica, who was dedicated to the Lord from the very time of her infancy, was accustomed to come to him once a year. The man of God went down to a place not far beyond the monastery gate. On a certain day she came as usual, and her venerable brother with his disciples came to meet her. They spent the whole day singing the praises of God and in holy conversation, and at nightfall they took supper together. While they were still sitting at table and the hour was growing late during their edifying discourses, the holy nun, his sister, besought him saying, "I beg you not to leave me this night, that we may speak till morning on the joys of the heavenly life."

He answered, "Sister, what are you saying? I can by no means remain outside my monastery."

The heavens were so serene that no cloud appeared in the sky. When the holy nun heard her brother's refusal, having joined her hands, she placed them upon the table, and laying her head on her hands, she prayed to the Lord. When she raised her head from the table, so great a storm of lightning and thunder, and so great a downpour of rain burst forth, that neither the venerable Benedict, nor the brethren who accompanied him, could step forth from the place where they were assembled. Then the man of God, realizing that it was impossible to return to his monastery in the lightning and thunder and heavy downpour of rain, began to complain saying, "May Almighty God forgive you, sister; what have you done?"

She answered: "I besought you, and you would not listen to me; I prayed to my Lord, and He

heard me. Now, therefore, go, if you can; leave me and withdraw to your monastery." Being unable to leave that shelter, he who would not remain willingly had to remain against his will. Thus it happened that they spent the whole night in watching and mutually satisfied each other by their holy conversations on the spiritual life.

On the following day when this venerable nun withdrew to her own convent, the man of God returned to his monastery. After three days, while sitting in his cell, with his eyes raised to heaven, he saw the soul of his sister leave her body and enter heaven in the form of a dove. Rejoicing in her great glory, he returned thanks to Almighty God in hymns and praises, and announced her death to his brethren. He sent them at once to bring her body to the monastery and bury it in the tomb which he had prepared for himself. By this deed it came to pass that the bodies of those whose minds were always one in God were not separated in the tomb.

And another time Servandus, a deacon and abbot of that monastery which had been constructed previously by Liberius, a patrician, in the region of Campania, had come as was his custom to visit him. In fact, he visited his monastery very frequently that as he himself was a man abounding in heavenly doctrine, they might communicate to each other the sweet words of life and the delicious food of the heavenly country, which, since they could not yet enjoy in fullness, they might at least taste in anticipation. When the time for retiring had come, the venerable Benedict occupied the upper room of the tower, while Servandus, the deacon, occupied the lower part; a stairway connected the lower with the upper room. In front of this tower was a large dwelling in which the disciples of both took their rest. The servant of the Lord, Benedict, had anticipated the time of the night office while the brethren were still sleeping, and was standing before the window and praying to the Omnipotent Lord, when suddenly looking out in the dead of night, he saw that a light diffused from above had dispelled all the darkness of the night and even shone brighter than day. A very wonderful thing followed this vision, for, as he himself related subsequently, the whole world, collected as under one ray of the sun was brought before his eyes. While the venerable Father fastened the intense gaze of his eyes on this splendor of glittering light, he saw the soul of Germanus, the Bishop of Capua, carried to heaven in a fiery globe by angels. Then wishing to have, besides himself, another witness to so great a miracle, he called Servandus, the deacon, two or three times by name with a very loud voice. Awakened

by the unusual cry of this great man, he went up, looked, and saw a small part of the light. Amazed at such a great miracle, the man of God related to him in order the wonders which had happened. He immediately ordered Theoprobus, a very virtuous man living in the town of Cassino, to send someone that very night to the city of Capua to learn what had happened to Germanus the Bishop, and to inform him. This was done, and the messenger found that Bishop Germanus had died, and, inquiring more diligently, learned that his death had occurred that moment in which the servant of the Lord witnessed his ascent.

I should like to tell you many more things concerning this venerable Father; but some of his deeds I am omitting purposely, for I am in haste to disclose the deeds of others. If anyone should wish to learn more in detail about his morals and rule of life, he can find in the very principles of the rule the whole character of this master.

In that very same year in which he was to depart from this life, he announced the day of his own death to some disciples dwelling with him, and also to some living afar off; indicating to those near him that they should keep secret what they heard, but telling those at a distance what kind of sign he would give them when his soul departed from the body. On the sixth day before his death he ordered his tomb to be opened. Being seized by a fever, he soon began to grow weak from the fierce heat. And as the sickness grew worse every day, on the sixth day he requested that he be carried to the oratory by his disciples, and there, prepared for his death by receiving the Body and Blood of the Lord, sustaining his weak members in the hands of his disciples, he stood with his hands raised to heaven, and finally breathed forth his soul in the midst of prayer. Evidently on that day, the revelation of one and the same vision concerning him appeared to the two brethren, the one resting in his cell, the other stationed at a distance. For they saw in the east that a smooth road, glittering with tapestry and innumerable lights, stretched out in a straight path from his cell to heaven. Standing at the top, distinguished by his venerable garb was a man who asked who it was on the road which they saw. They acknowledged that they did not know. He said to them: "This is the path by which Benedict, the beloved of the Lord, ascended into heaven." Thus, just as the disciples who were present witnessed the death of the holy man, so those who were absent learned of it by the sign which had been foretold them. He was buried in the oratory of Saint John the Baptist, which he himself built when he destroyed the altar of Apollo.

The Order of St. Benedict

With fourteen and a half centuries of history behind them, the Benedictines find it a difficult task to remember all the current centenaries of their many saints and of their numerous great abbeys, past and present, as well as of many of the important events recorded in their crowded annals. It is a pity, since such commemorations often help to unearth forgotten or half-hidden historical facts which may throw much light on the true character of the Order. Let us see, for instance, what Benedictine centenaries fall in this year of grace 1942.

(i) 541-542—the barbarian King Totila climbs Monte Cassino to visit St. Benedict. This event may be well considered a landmark in the history of European civilization: the youthful races from the North now meet for the first time the founder of the monks by whom those races were to be tutored and disciplined under the sign of the cross.

(ii) c. 642—Death of St. Babulenus (Dec. 17), fourth abbot of the great monastery of Bobbio in Northern Italy. During his abbacy the Irish rule of St. Columbanus was superseded by the Benedictine Rule.

(iii) 842—Martyrdom of the Benedictine nuns of Fécamp in Normandy. They were put to death by the Normans and are venerated as *beatae*.

(iv) c. 942—Death of St. Hermogius (June 27), bishop of Tuy, in Spanish Galicia, and founder of the abbey of San Cristóbal, near Orense.

(v) c. 942—Death of St. Odo (Nov. 18), second abbot of Cluny. He is the most outstanding personality of the tenth century. It was he who made Cluny the centre of the monastic, and indeed of the ecclesiastical, and to a great extent of the political world. The Benedictines were then perhaps the greatest single force in Christendom.

(vi) c. 1042—Death of St. William (March 20), founder of the abbey of Santa Maria de los Valles at Peñacorada in Northwestern Spain. Afterwards the abbey was named after him *San Guillermo de Peñacorada*.

(vii) 1042—Death of Blessed Elias (April 16), an Irish monk and abbot of the Scottish Benedictine

abbey of St. Martin the Great at Cologne, near the cathedral.

(viii) 1042—Death of Blessed Peter Dagnino (Nov. 2), successor of St. Romuald at the abbey of Camaldoli.

(ix) 1142—Death of St. William of Vercelli (June 25), founder of the abbey and congregation of Monte Vergine in Southern Italy.

(x) 1142—Death of St. (Bl.) Berthold (July 27), monk of St. Blasien in the Black Forest, afterwards prior of Göttweig (lately seized by the Nazis) in Austria and abbot of Garsten in Styria.

(xi) 1242—Death of Blessed Orlando (or Rolando) (May 20), lay-brother of Vallumbrosa in Italy.

(xii) 1342—Death of (Bl.) Benedict XII, Pope.

(xiii-xvi) 1642—Martyrdom of Bl. Bartholomew Alban Roe (Jan. 21), Ven. Malachy Robert O'Shiel (May 3), VV. Boniface Kemp and Ildephonsus Hesketh (July 26). Bl. Bartholomew was a monk of Dieulouard (now Ampleforth), executed at Tyburn and beatified in 1929. Ven. Malachy was an Irish Cistercian, hanged at Newry in Eire; the cause of his beatification has been introduced. Ven. Boniface Kemp was an English monk professed at Montserrat in Spain who worked on the English mission together with Ven. Ildephonsus Hesketh, monk of St. Gregory's, Douai (now Downside). Both were seized by Puritan soldiers in Yorkshire and harried to death. Their cause is among the *dilati*.

As befits Benedictine history, the above list is very Catholic: Italy, England, France, Eire, Spain, Austria, Germany are represented therein. Again, it includes a pope, a founder, several martyrs of both sexes, several abbots, a bishop and a lay-brother, and they belong to nine different centuries. Not all, of course, have an equal claim to celebrity; but three of them at any rate, namely, St. Odo, St. William of Vercelli and Pope Benedict XII, belong to general ecclesiastical history. We shall do well to recall this year the glory of these great sons of St. Benedict—*quoniam apud Deum nota est et apud homines*. ROMANUS RIOS

—Taken from *The Thanet Catholic Review*.

BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

The Star of David

FOR SEVERAL months, persistent stories have come out of Nazi Germany, as well as from the several countries which Hitler's pagan government ruthlessly and remorselessly grinds under its boots, that hundreds of thousands of Christians are voluntarily wearing the star of David. For some time, the wearing of this insignia by Jews has been made compulsory by the Gestapo in many places; for the Nazis would have the world believe that this six-pointed star, with its ancient and honorable lineage, is a badge of degradation. German, Austrian, Polish, Dutch, Belgian and French Jews, their numerical strength badly decimated by constant Nazi pogroms, their material possessions confiscated until they are penniless and miserably hungry, their nightly sleep tortured by not unreasonable fears that they and their loved ones may next suffer the fiendish agonies imposed by Himmler's human wolves, must have felt like swollen tongued desert wanderers suddenly coming upon an oasis when they saw their Christian brothers voluntarily adopting the ancient Hebrew symbol.

Europe's Jews realized, more than we Americans can possibly realize, just what this act meant. It meant that it laid Christians open to having their faces spit upon in public, to be insulted without apology, to be robbed without recourse, to be murdered without reason. Knowing how thorough and despicable are his persecutions of Jews, Hitler must have gasped in sheer unbelief when news of this Christian decision reached him. To him and his Gestapo, this act must seem about on a par with an experienced American frontiersman's biting and scratching his way through Sitting Bull's screaming, destruction-bent savages to join the last ten men in Custer's last stand—that is, if Hitler's reading permits him to know that such a man as Custer made such a last stand.

Yet der Fuehrer and his minions needn't have been surprised, and wouldn't have been, had they ever stopped dreaming fantastically impossible dreams of Nazi supremacy long enough to acquaint themselves with a few well known historical facts. They should know, for instance, that the Code of Justinian, which ruled Europe for many hundreds of years, and upon which many of the Papal Bulls, Encyclicals, laws and pronouncements announcing racial and religious tolerance for Jews were based, was consecrated to Jewish liberties. They should know that the Bull of Pope Clement III, as far back as 1190 A.D., was practically a Magna Carta of Jewish liberties and that many Popes laid on Catholic communicants the penalty of excommunication should they kill or wound Jews, injure them in their customs or possessions, disturb them in their celebrations and feasts, or in any way interfere with their freedom of conscience.

But in case a knowledge of history is incompatible with paperhanging, Hitler should at least know that Pope Pius' Encyclical to the German Bishops, "Mit Brennender Sorge," dated March 14, 1937, took a definite stand on Nazi intolerance. Said His Holiness: "Whoever exalts race, or the people, or the State, or any particular form of State, or the depositories of power, or any other fundamental value of the human community—however necessary and honorable be their function in worldly things—whoever raises these notions above their standard value and divinizes them to an idolatrous level, distorts and perverts an order of the world planned and created by God; he is far from the true Faith in God and from the concept of life which that faith upholds."

That the Pope practices what he preaches should be most evident to Hitler since he can't help knowing that within the past few months the

Vatican has added around 100 Jews, mostly victims of persecution, to its staff. These people are employed mostly as librarians, bookbinders, gardeners, research workers, or in whatever other capacity their talents fit them and in which work is available. This is not unusual, for history records many instances in which the Papal grounds or the former Papal State were thrown open to Jewish refugees from mass persecutions. Therefore it is not at all strange that Holland's Catholics, following the traditional stand of the Church and the more immediate pronouncements and example of their spiritual leader in Rome, should adopt the star of David, to be followed by others of various Christian sects.

Nor can Hitler fail to realize that Switzerland's Protestant Church has frequently extended its official sympathy to Europe's persecuted Jews and in March, 1942, called upon its entire membership to pray for the suffering Jewish people and to do everything possible to alleviate their suffering. Said this Christian body in making its stand clear to its communicants: "Anti-Semitism is incompatible with membership in the Christian Church." Nor can he fail to be aware of the recent joint session of the Swedish parliament and the Swedish church, in which the church and state joined for the first time in Sweden's history and issued a definite condemnation of Nazi pagan policies.

Many of the reasons behind this stand by Christians against anti-Semitism are spiritual and idealistic, but some are quite practical. All over the world, Christians and Jews alike recognize their common spiritual heritage. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses and David are spiritual ancestors of both people and the writings of the Hebrew prophets are common heritages. Furthermore, Judaeo-Christian ethics and morality have a common denomina-

tor, for both recognize God as the Creator and the Supreme Ruler of the universe. Unfortunately, many lay members of both religions do not always realize these facts as clearly as they should, thus laying themselves open to a possible disunity and misunderstanding aimed at by the pagan dictators.

In addition to the spiritual bonds which unite Hebrews and Christians, a better understanding of which by their congregations spiritual leaders of both groups constantly strive to achieve, there are right now many practical reasons why Christians of all sects in Germany and occupied Europe should join with Jews in a united front against the common foe. For Christians—particularly Catholics—are on Hitler's list of proposed victims. The aspects of Nazi persecutions are too well known to require recounting here, but it is now well established that Hitler's vicious pogroms have been as much economic as racial.

Early in his game, Hitler saw the urgent necessity for funds to promote his then none too strong Nazi party and also for a national whipping boy upon which all the nation's miseries could be blamed. He must, he saw, create a national scapegoat which he could plunder under legal guises while the nation at large cheered him on as doing a patriotic duty. Germany's Jews, because of numerical weakness, loomed up as the most tempting group upon which to commit depredations. Then, too, Jewish racial and religious integrity would permit him to point the finger of suspicion at this people far more easily and successfully than he could at groups which were more intertwined with each other by blood relationships or religious similarities.

But the fiercest fire burns itself out in time and even the most ignorant German citizen today cannot but see clearly that Nazi persecutions have reduced the nation's Jewish population to an impotency which definitely removes these people as any possible causes of present misery and national unhappiness. Hitler has now come to realize that his constant blowings upon the flames of hatred and intolerance, where Jews are concerned, have

brought him face to face with the fact that he is on the road to going to the well once too often. Besides, Germany's Jews have already been plundered so thoroughly that they are no longer a tempting prize to those land-pirates who form the Gestapo and upon whom Hitler must depend for the enslavement of the German people. Pastures far more lush must be uncovered.

Since the wealth of Germany's Jews has been despoiled, the centuries-old treasures of the Catholic Church claim Nazi attention as the largest loot yet untouched in the Reich. So tempting is this wealth, represented by churches, monasteries, schools, hospitals, art treasures and various liquid assets, that if Hitler's bandits had no supposed excuse to loot it, they would invent one. With the steady drains upon the Reich's exchequer becoming heavier and more demanding every day the war progresses, Hitler's fingers itch to clutch the precious metals contained in the chalices and holy relics of the Church, together with the art treasures which would bring fancy prices in still neutral countries.

Prior to America's entry into the war, Hitler held his church looting to a minimum and much of what was done, if reports are reliable, was due more to the cupidity of local Gestapo leaders than to a definite national policy. Local Gestapo units frequently took it upon themselves to loot churches in their districts, always covering themselves up, of course, by fraudulent claims of anti-Nazi activities on the part of the congregations involved. Individual Gestapo members, coveting desirable Catholic residences in good districts, often dispossessed Catholic families bodily, using trumped-up charges as excuses. But even though widespread persecutions of Catholics have been going on throughout the Reich, they have never reached the proportions of the official pogroms instituted by Hitler himself against the Jews. This was largely because Hitler feared too much the public indignation which would result in then neutral countries in the Western Hemisphere should he openly treat Catholics as he had Jews. But December

7 changed all this. With practically all the Western Hemisphere either at war with the Reich or else definitely anti-Axis, Hitler needs exercise no further concern about outside opinions. So now Germany's Christians face unchecked persecutions and Catholics in particular are brought face to face with the looting and destruction of both their churches and their private property.

Yet Hitler's increasing persecutions of Christians do not find them mentally unprepared for this new and greater onslaught. The closely watched happenings of the past several years have proved to them that every new outburst against Jews almost invariably has been followed by greatly heightened activity against Christians. Religious and race hatreds, intolerance and bigotry, once fanned into flames, are not particular upon what they feed and very often wind up by even consuming their own originators. Therefore those devout Christians, both in the Reich and in Nazi controlled territory, who prefer suffering and even death to relinquishing their own faith to accept the doctrines of Nazi heathenism, have long known that only the collapse of Nazism would prevent their own necks from ultimately going on the chopping blocks, both figuratively and literally. They all knew this when they voluntarily adopted the star of David, thereby openly announcing to all concerned that the children of God stand united against the pagan powers of darkness and destruction.

Quoted from very reliable reports, much interesting and informative data could be set down concerning the present persecution of Christians in the Reich, but the mere fact that Christians have now been placed alongside Jews on Hitler's hate-list should be sufficient advance warning to all those concerned in America's unity and well-being, as well as in the protection of their own individual faith. Pagans, anywhere, will turn upon one religion as quickly as upon another.

THE WORLD IN HER LAP

INDIA

NAYAN

PERHAPS it was only a map to other people but to the Lady with the World in her lap it was something so different, this Sunday's three colored war sheet. Her deep sparkling eyes looked at it as a mother might look at her lovely child. She really loved the world, with tenderness, with joy, with thrills because she knew the world. People love what they really know. From her earliest childhood she had travelled. Pioneer blood flowed in her veins. Her father had come around the Horn with the "forty-niners" to settle in California, but no one in her family had ever settled anywhere, for long. They were gypsy heels, vagabonds, wanderlusters. All those delightful words which mean that a few rare souls in this world have learned to *love* all people because they know *all* people.

The Lady with the world in her lap knew every remote corner of this earth. The first day she started telling us of her round the world trip and its joys and vicissitudes, she seemed somewhat like a Cosmic Cinderella, who was waiting for a Prince Charming while she sat looking at a world that lay in ashes at her feet. She knew so well every spot of the War Zone of the Pacific, yet as she looked at the map she actually caressed every country, patted one on the cheek, took another by the hand, and it seemed as though she lifted India to her heart with a sigh that brought contentment and peace to those about her.

She started to speak with a cello like voice, occasionally with a flute obligato of laughter. This Lady with the world in her lap had a marvelous sense of getting fun out of life. These are just a few of her memories of INDIA:—

"This is the Ganges"—Kipling's words in *Kim* and mine when I first saw the Ganges. I had been reading the book, and strangely enough as I read the words of Kipling, one of the companions of our trip stood up in the car shouting the identical words, "This is the Ganges." Something happened within my soul which brought a storm of tears to

my eyes. It was a long time before I could see, or think or speak. There is a strange, mystic, occult power about India that no words, cults, prophets, Yogis, nor Masters can convey to anyone. It cannot be taught or told. It must be felt. Words merely move and make noises in the air when describing India. Its wisdom, its understanding and beauty must seep through one's soul. It cannot be swallowed in a gulp but must be sipped. The very thought of this country clings to memory like some exquisite perfume or pungent incense.

"Darjeeling is one of the most beautiful cities in India. It is in the foothills of the Himalayas, surrounded by the highest mountains in the world. The Tibetans who live in Darjeeling seem to be the happiest people on earth. They not only smile with their eyes and mouths, but their noses and cheeks and ears seem to twinkle. They are never still; they dance, jump and romp, get on one another's backs with the agility of kittens. Without trying to, they seem to have attained that inner light or wisdom or what have you that everyone else is studying psychology, metaphysics, or something else to attain."

The Lady with the world in her lap stopped speaking for a few moments. It was easy to see she was trying to bring back the great joy she sensed in these Tibetans. Their pictures show a mirth that is contagious. In a few minutes she spoke again:

"Think of it; . . . it was in 1911 in Calcutta that we first saw King George and Queen Mary. It was the first visit of English Royalty to India, and it was at this Royal Court Week that they were publicly given the title of Emperor and Empress of India. I was thrilled beyond all words to think of actually seeing a King and Queen, but my husband who was one hundred percent Babbitt on that score said, 'All this pomp and parading to Kings and Queens belongs only in a poker deck.' Then it seemed just a phrase with him, but I've often thought of that blessed pair and all they have had

to take these dreadful years when they have been so staunch and loyal to their people and their land.

"However, as we sat watching from the Viceroy's box some 500,000 people who had come from far and wide to witness this massive spectacle, I saw tears in my husband's eyes. It was the most awe-inspiring sight ever witnessed anywhere. Arabian steeds, blanketed in kitten leopard skins. Elephants of all sizes and shapes with gold and silver mesh trappings, some with blankets studded with precious stones. Every tribe and type of native Indian, all in native costume; the most gorgeous coloring, mixing and blending of shades; one cannot describe it. The entire Royal Court Week was spent reviewing troops, pageants, horse races, parades, feasts, and parties. We were the guests of the San Francisco actress, Mary Van Beuren, who married Sonny Paul and lived in splendor in Calcutta. Their life together from her marriage to him on his apparent death bed, from which he rose to outlive her by many years, is an unwritten biography that should be told.

"This Royal Court Week in Calcutta is one that I've tucked away in the jewel case of my memory and when things are dull I take it out and the world actually jumps and sparkles for me again.

"Another week that I have carefully locked in a sweet smelling bamboo chest is one which we spent with Captain William Gourley . . . in the Jungle. We had known the Captain and his wife on trips they had taken to England and America, so when we reached Calcutta, we received a telephone call from the Captain himself, telling us that a Bullock Cart would pick us up at the terminal of the little local train and that we would be their guests in the Jungle for a few days. He added that a suitcase with a dinner dress and a scarf for me and a dinner coat for my husband would be all the luggage we should need. 'What the Hell will I do with a dinner jacket in the jungle?' was my husband's loud remark, as I tried to cover the telephone with a cushion that was within reach. I would have taken my sables and a spangle to the Jungle if Captain Gourley had requested it. I said nothing but saw to it that my husband's tuxedo was carefully packed along with a simple evening dress for me. As we sat in all our fine feathers, eating our Jungle fare (which was perfect) each one of us being waited on by our own individual servant, who did everything for one but chew, Captain Gourley explained to us that England had never allowed democracy to enter into her mode of living in her colonies. Therefore one must "soup and fish" to

the tom-tom in the Jungle with the same formality that one would in dear old London.

"The next morning at dawn we heard the tom-toms grow louder and clearer with the rising sun and we witnessed a real aboriginal war dance, put on by the natives from tiny rice bellied babes of three and four to weird-looking old men who laid claim to having passed the century mark, but all kept perfect rhythm and had a grace and sway that our jitter-bugs and tango-toilers might do well to follow.

"This rhythm and singing, or really one might call it a primitive crooning which the natives do, is something we noticed much in India. One day we saw a very small group of men carrying a grand piano through the streets of Calcutta; it might have been some palm leaves for the easy way in which they carried it, but they all chanted and kept perfect step and their bodies swung in absolute rhythm."

Someone asked the lady with the world in her lap about riding an elephant?

"Indeed we rode elephants, many times. In fact in India the enormous elephants seem as close to the people as dogs do in America. We often had our own elephants for weeks at a time, grew fond of them and hated to leave them. One of the most impressive sights we saw was a Mother Elephant feeding her babe. Never before had I known, and few did know this until Dumbo came to town, that an elephant has her feeding pouch between her front legs.

"In Gwalliwar there is a paddock of elephants and lions imported from Africa. They can be seen in their own wild habitat around which a high stone wall is built. This was then owned by one of the youngest and richest Marharajas in India.

"Death plays a big part in India. I don't think anything was more haunting than the sight of the natives in Benares, the filthiest city in the world, cremating their dead. We saw this from a small boat on the Sacred Ganges River. The bodies are on biers of wood and the fire is started, while the mourners wrangle over which members of the family will pay for the wood which must be kept burning until the cremation is finished.

"Right outside of Bombay, The Tower of Silence is another eerie place of the Dead. It drove me to poetry, the sound of those vultures and the bones dropping through the slats to the water is deadlier than death itself."

Each one of us in turn asked about the Taj Mahal.



1. A common sight along a road of India. 2. Palace of Maharajah of Gwahoo, showing three sides of the square. 3. Bazaar at Darjeerling, India. 4. Mt. Everest. 5. Camel cart, a common mode of transportation. 6. Temple to the right of Taj Mahal. 7. Taj Mahal. 8. Elephants coming from their bath. 9. A part of the Royal Pageant, Calcutta. 10. Friday Mosque at Delhi, City in the distance. 11. Entrance to one of the old cities of Delhi, some six miles from the present city. 12. An old temple built in a fort at Gwalin, India.

"But first," said the Lady with the world in her lap, "let me tell you about the Friday Mosque that is at Delhi and of all the most stupendous, colossal Mosque in the world. It is sacred because it holds one red hair from the head of Mohammed. To the natives it is the Holy of Holies. To reach this one hair one must go through room after room, till you reach an enormous bronze door, through that door to a room which holds a bronze box, which in turn holds a crystal box, and within this crystal box is a solid gold cushion, and on this cushion lies Mohammed's one red hair."

In a softer voice and almost with hushed awe the Lady spoke of the Taj Mahal:

"The city of Agra is like the world's finest ring, for in it is set the most priceless jewel of all ages

.... The Taj Mahal. Oh, the eternal wonder and beauty of the Taj. It is a mass of opalescent marble, so delicately carved that it looks like hand made lace. To see Taj at sunrise, at noon, at twilight... then beyond all benedictions of beauty is to stand or figuratively kneel before the Taj Mahal in the moonlight."

No one spoke for a time but we did look at some beautiful pictures taken with a panorama camera of this monument of everlasting Love.

These are but a few dewdrops from the perfume of the Rainbow of India's precious lore, told us by the Lady with the World in her Lap. She promises to tell us more of this world she loves so well and as she does we will pass it on to you.

Something to Think About

Julia W. Wolfe

"I CAN almost see her. She had the merriest of blue eyes, and, because there were so many children to be cared for, her mother had no time to attend to her beautiful curly hair, so she wore it in two tight braids down her back. She wore a bright red wool skirt and a blouse of gray flannel. Both were handed down from an older sister. But she was skipping down the path, because she was taking her father's luncheon to him, and there was a little 'sweetie' in the pail for her. I carry that picture in my mind always and because of it I am saving my money to go to Scotland some day. I want to walk the paths my mother walked when she was a little girl."

The young girls were silent. All of them had mothers; each of them had heard her mother talk of the time when she was a young girl, but not one of them had really listened. Lucy had a dim notion that her mother came from Canada; Ada admitted to herself that she did not know whether her mother even had been a young girl; Nora tried to remember the name of the town in Ireland where her mother had been

born. Every girl was busy with her own thoughts when the speaker continued:

"Mother loves to talk of the times when she was a girl, and I like so much to hear her. Several of my dolls are called Hester because that was the name of the only doll she ever had. It was a poor affair, but she loved it. She had a mother who was very dear to her; I know just the corner of the churchyard in which she lies, and I am going to find that when I go back to Scotland. Mother smiles when I tell her I want to walk over the paths she walked over when she was a child, but I think it makes her happy. She says she may not be here when I go, for such a trip is a long way off for a girl who has so little spending money; but she will be with me in spirit. She says I shall be taking a 'mother-directed tour.' I think it is fun to hear mothers tell what they did when they were our age? Mine began when I was a little thing, and yesterday she told me how she met father, and what she wore, and how glad she was to think she had on her prettiest gown when she met the nice young man who kept his eyes

on her. Isn't it a real romance to know just how our fathers happened to fall in love with our mothers?"

The other girls were embarrassed. They had never connected romance with father—father often worn, somewhat old, and not always immaculate in his attire. Nor had they thought of mother in that way.

The little group broke up in a few minutes. Every one of the girls while helping with the dinner that evening asked in a tone of voice that expressed indifference: "Where did he live? What were you like when a young girl? Tell us about it."

They had embarked on a voyage of discovery, with the joy, the sorrow, the work, the romance of the lives of those who were their parents—their guides. They realized suddenly that mother was once a young girl, traveling on the same road on which their own feet were placed. They found a familiar and loved figure ahead of them on the strange road of the years; a figure that often turned back to point out a pitfall; often waved a hand in the direction of the flowers growing by the roadside.



The Jester's Prayer

It was in late November, 1226, that the Court Jester of Anresson announced to his lord that the ambitious and much feared Hugh of Valmondreis was at the castle gates, ready to appropriate the castle, to put to death the Lord Jean, and to banish his daughter and sole heir, Raimonde. The faithful Jester, who had prayed that Raimonde's would be an unusual life—one in which she would bring peace and beauty into the lives of others—smuggled the child out of the castle and took her to a convent of nuns at Des Fleurs. A mishap in their flight resulted in a lapse of memory for Raimonde, and try as she would, she could not recall any of the circumstances of her early life. When a band of traveling troubadours stopped to beg bread at the convent gate, Raimonde, disguised as a baker's boy, joined them. She failed to recognize Favaric, her father's jester, in the group. Unknown to Raimonde the troubadours were on the way to her father's castle of Valmondreis for the wedding of Hugh's twin sister Yvonne. After the wedding Raimonde at Hugh's request remained behind while the other troubadours journeyed on to Brittany with Robert de Verlay.

CHAPTER VII

ARLETTE

(Continued)

UNMINDFUL of his change of spirit, Raimonde left the hall erect and silently, two bright spots of color in her cheeks.

Arlette had listened in silence, enraged that Hugh dared to give Raimonde such insult. Yet seeing the change in his manner, she understood his mercurial nature, so like her own. She followed Raimonde into the dark corner.

"He knoweth full well that the women here are sick unto death of war. The months and years too dull and weary with no men about, and now he must need to defend himself against our anger, for he plans to gather a mighty army and conquer another kingdom at the end of the summer, and there is no doubt Raimonde, thou wilt have to go with him. Well hast thou read the thoughts of every woman at the castle, and without guile, hast given utterance to them."

"My thoughts are not alone of war but the results of it, plague and famine among the peasants; yet 'tis they who do the most constructive work in the world today, and yet they reap the least reward. However, it had been better had I not spoken," Raimonde said thoughtfully.

"There is no harm in honesty. But come, Troubadour, that hour is past and forgotten. Walk with

me to my apartment, I would speak with thee about something in deep confidence.

Arlette slipped her arm into Raimonde's. She knew Hugh's command that the troubadour accompany him to battle was a bitter blow, and she wanted to comfort the young boy. Realizing that occasionally she became too familiar with this youthful entertainer, she quickly drew herself up with dignity, and assumed an air becoming a Lady speaking with one of the wandering singers.

"I wish to go to Henrietta La Ries' house in the village. She weaves fine laces and I desire to choose a cap for Yvonne. While there, we will stop at the silversmith's; he might have some trinket I could buy for my dear cousin. I cannot enter her house empty-handed. We will have no silly squire follow us today. Thou art to keep my secret. The horses will be ready directly I will change to different garments. We will tell those who ask us that we are riding to the foot of the hill for a breath of air."

As Raimonde waited for Arlette at the appointed time and place, she unwittingly was an unseen witness to a curiously disturbing scene. Oscar, Hugh's first squire, lounged outside the door, on a low bench, intent on a bowl of beef stew. Berthe, the maid in charge of the buttery, a chubby, black-

eyed peasant, sat beside him, peeling apples and chattering faster than a magpie.

"Your true love, Ariza, was here this morning, bringing wool from the farm to be carded. Truth, and she was in an angry fit, with eyes staring and crazy. She had heard news of your leaving here to accompany the Lord Hugh to new wars of conquest. She says it's men like you, who fight all their battles for them, while their women at home, get barely enough to eat. She says if you are so anxious to die, she'll kill you before you go."

She paused for breath. Oscar continued his eating without answering. When he had finished, she said, "Come down below with me and help me lift the cream vats. They are overfull and I must start the maids at cheese-making this very hour."

Oscar agreed, glad of anything to keep his thoughts from becoming too involved regarding Ariza. The two rose and passing Raimonde, descended a narrow stairway to the milk and cream rooms.

Raimonde felt in an odd frame of mind; everywhere there seemed to be a cloud darkening the spirits of all about. Hatred and malice seemed lurking around, yet Hugh and his followers were joyous in the thought that they were soon to gather the men and boys together and lead them to their deaths. Raimonde was deep into such meditations when Arlette arrived, breathless, with her plans.

They mounted their horses and rode straight through the drawbridge, unseen, save by a stable boy or two, the squires all being at work in the armory.

They rode slowly down the steep road, enjoying to the utmost the bright morning, with the prospect of wandering through the town unencumbered by irksome companions. It was Hugh's decree that the damoiselles of the castle should not leave the grounds unless one or more squires rode with them. Arlette, knowing this, planned, if she were caught to say that Raimonde, was surely man enough to be her escort. She felt confident, however, that she would return, before Hugh did.

Raimonde had not thought that there was any motive in Arlette's trip to the village, other than the purchase of the lace cap for Yvonne, but knowing Arlette's changeable ways, she remained silent as they passed down the streets of the town.

There was much bowing and scraping of the townspeople to Lady Arlette, from the castle of Valmondroids. She smiled happily and returned their greetings, always gracious and kindly in bearing and speech; she seemed to know these simple people and understand their scheme of life, and in re-

turn for their gentle awe of her high estate, she gave full payment in deeds of kindness and generosity.

Arlette led her to the silversmiths. Once inside Bertrand's shop Arlette was all eagerness and anxiety to see a certain gold ring that had been ordered by her a month ago. Bertrand, well pleased with his work, handed the ring to Arlette with a low bow.

"A ring, Lady Arlette, that the greatest Knight might wear in the King's presence and it will surely bring luck to him in his coming battles and conquests."

Arlette took the ring, placed it on a thick, silver chain which she had wound about her wrist. This in turn she slipped over Raimond's head, saying, "hide this within thy jerkin; returning home, I will explain my secret. Perhaps thou canst guess for whom the talisman is wrought?"

Raimonde looked at her with silent amazement. Drawing her aside, Arlette whispered breathlessly; "It is my wish to give the ring to Sir Martin Dieu-donne, as a token of faith and love to carry him safely through whatever wars he is led to by Hugh. Martin hath worn my glove in many tourneys, but until now no deep sign of affection have I given him. He thinks that Hugh would show displeasure. I charge thee not to speak of this at the banquet hall, until the time is right; then all at Valmondroids shall know my secret."

Arlette drew a leather bag from her skirt pocket, opened it and showed Raimonde a handful of unset sapphires of varying sizes. Bertrand had agreed to accept some of the jewels as payment for the ring.

"Hugh brought these, and some other fine stones to me from Damascus. I do not have a large inheritance and gold pieces are scarce at this time."

She spread the loose, shining stones on a table before Bertrand and waited until he chose the ones he desired as payment for his work. He was a quiet little man and seldom smiled, but his eyes brightened up with genuine pleasure when he saw the fine quality of the stones.

"My lady, my lady, these be very fine jewels of perfect color and cutting. And if it please thee I will choose these three that graduate in size. They will no doubt find favor in the eyes of the Duke of Firenze, who honors me with his patronage and is a connoisseur of fine sapphires. A ring of rich design set with these would be alluring."

He laid aside the sapphires and then explained the value of the gems to gold and craftwork, and made it clear that the transaction was even. Ar-

lette found no fault and swept the remaining stones into her bag, now feverishly eager to return to the castle. The lace cap of which she had spoken was forgotten.

A wide-eyed apprentice boy held their horses and watched them mount, fascinated by Arlette's beauty and rich apparel. He looked at Raimonde with boyish curiosity, for it seemed strange for the Lady Arlette to be squired by one so young. She seldom rode through the village with an escort so meagre. The whole incident of her hurried visit to the shop gave rise to much perplexity in the boy's mind.

Arlette was aware of the boy's thoughts and so she pressed a coin into his hand, saying "Remember, thou hast not seen us today. Use thy wits should the Duke of Valmondroids ride by and question thee."

He bowed and sped indoors, longing to ask his mother a dozen questions, but held his tongue.

After they had stopped to bless themselves at the Calvary, which is ever the custom before the shrines at the cross roads, Arlette spoke: "Of this ring transaction I have had to be most secretive, for Hugh is bitter about a Knight upon whom he relies, as he does on Dieudonne, having any romantic ties that bind."

Raimonde spoke not, but again her anger rose against this Hugh, who was always forcing his plans and desires upon others.

Arlette and Raimonde urged their horses forward at a good pace. They were now free from the town and on the main road to the castle.

Once inside the walls, they had hardly dismounted before Hugh rode through the gates, attended by Sir Martin Dieudonne and Oscar.

Arlette greeted Hugh with fear ill concealed.

"Rode you behind us Hugh?" Without giving him time to answer, she continued, "Raimonde accompanied me for a short ride to the edge of the town; I was weary of the hall and the chatter of the damoiselles."

"I did not see thee," said Hugh. "We came up the northern road from the farm country. Oscar's brother has trained some horses for us on our next journey. They are at the farm at the top of the hill; we stopped there to see them. They are raw and young, but strong and will carry armor well. Tomorrow Oscar brings them here for hard training."

Hugh's eyes rested on Raimonde for a moment. "So you have this slim lad for a squire. He, like the horses, needs hard training, but ere the sum-

mer ends, Oscar can train him so that he will be ready to leave with us for battle, early in September. What dost thou say, Raimonde, my lad?"

Laughter lurked in his dark eyes and in spite of the jest at Raimonde's expense she knew that Hugh intended no unkindness. Arlette relieved that he had not found her out said, "A truer, braver lad will never learn sword play from your Squire, dear cousin. He is young, but quick to learn and only yesterday I talked with him and feel that he is weary of the careless life of the troubadours."

Raimonde did not join in the conversation, because her eyes and thoughts were suddenly concentrated on a crouching figure inside the doorway of the stables. As Hugh dismounted, the figure moved out into the courtyard. Raimonde saw a strange young woman, with disheveled clothing and masses of golden, frowzy curls that hung to her shoulders. She moved with the sly, easy grace of a panther, and in moving, managed to stand directly behind Hugh. Her face was white and disturbed with anger. Her eyes had a madness gleaming forth from them. Raimonde saw that she held something bright and shining against her heart. The troubadour sensing danger, moved swiftly toward Hugh and Arlette to warn them. She had barely reached them when Arlette screamed, "Hugh! Turn quickly."

Raimonde swung into Hugh's place and the girl struck home with her dagger, deep through Raimonde's breast. Seeing her intention frustrated, the mad girl fought with Dieudonne and Oscar, who had rushed to the scene. They held her fast. She screamed wildly, "War Lord, murderer of youth. I have failed to kill thee, but death will come to you and God will punish you, before it does."

She laughed insanely and turned to Oscar, "Would that I had killed thee, breaker of faith."

The courtyard rang with her wild words and horrible laughter. All attention was concentrated on the group around the troubadour. The impact of the mad girl's blow, and the deep wound sent Raimonde in a crumpled heap at Hugh's feet. For a moment she lay there, white and still. Hugh knelt to feel her heart. Blood rushed from the wound, covering her clothing. Arlette held Raimonde's head until Hugh lifted the light body in his arms and strode toward the hall.

"Dieudonne," Hugh called over his shoulder, "put the mad one in the dungeon until the troubadour is cared for. Arlette, bring clean linens and soothing liniment to my apartment. I shall care for him."

Frightened squires rushed forward offering to carry Raimonde. They suggested a litter, but Hugh brushed them all aside.

"He weighs no more than a child and lies quietly in my arms, poor lad. His heart beats faintly. The wound is over the life source, and death certain, the death that was intended for me. I shall, however do everything in my power to save the life of this brave fellow."

Hugh moved slowly and with great care, and finally reached his apartment. A squire ran ahead to lay aside the outer covering, and Hugh placed Raimonde on his great bed with slow gentleness, fearful that the least jar would dim the flickering life that lingered in the still body.

Hugh ordered one squire to find a loose robe to drop around the troubadour, so that the clothing worn might be removed, and the wound properly cleaned. He told another to get a torch, in case a flame were needed. Without waiting for further instructions all the squires about rushed off to serve their master.

Alone with Raimonde, Hugh ripped open her jerkin, to better observe the wound that bled so horribly.

A low cry of blank amazement echoed through the room.

"A maid! By all the Saints; scarcely more than a child."

As Hugh said this he removed the ring and the chain which Arlette had slipped about Raimonde's throat in Bertrand's shop. For a second only Hugh glanced at it, then placed it in his belt.

Swiftly as he could, binding her waist and wrists with cords which he took from the window draperies he managed to alleviate somewhat the flow of blood. This was the one thing always done to men wounded in battle.

Hugh then covered the young troubadour with a long, soft coverlet and sat at her side, holding her hand, awaiting Arlette.

When the squires returned with the robe, torch, and whatever else they thought their master might need under the circumstances, they were all dismissed peremptorily, to their great amazement. They obeyed, of course, but looked at one another in blank dismay. Everyone else seemed to be bewildered. Was Lord Hugh mad too, to sit by the side of the wounded boy who had so bravely saved his life, and do naught for him? But Hugh was the all-powerful one at Valmondroid, and his word was law. So they left him sitting idly at the troubadour's side.

Arlette came in an incredibly short time, with strips of linen on her arm, a silver basin of hot water and a jar of ointment in her hands.

Hugh rose, closed and bolted the door.

"Arlette," he whispered softly, "swear to me that thou wilt speak no word of what thou art about to hear and see."

Arlette nodded.

"Dear cousin," Hugh continued almost timidly, "Raimonde, lying there so near to death, is no lad but a maiden, lonely and needful of a woman's care."

Arlette listened, eyes wide and startled, scarcely believing what she heard.

"But, Hugh, it seems not possible. A maid could not have lived that life of travel and hardship."

Arlette placed the basin and the ointment on a low table, and with trembling hands she removed the covering from Raimonde.

She lay there like a tired child, tragic and pitiful in her torn and blood-drenched garments. A quick glance revealed the tender outlines of a woman's form beneath its boyish coverings. Tears filled Arlette's eyes and she turned to Hugh with warm appeal in her voice.

"She had some good reason for this disguise, and we shall not reveal her secret. Go now, Hugh, and I will bathe and dress the wound and try to bring life to that still body. Thou didst well to tie her waist and wrists so tight; thou hast saved her life by thy quick wit. Before leaving, dear cousin, bring me a cup of wine; it may give warmth to a chilled heart."

Hugh brought the wine from a bowl that was always filled with a choice vintage and kept in a high wooden chest.

He left the apartment hurriedly. Arlette poured the wine between the white lips of Raimonde. With deft, gentle fingers she cut the stiff, bloody garments from her body.

Raimonde's body, though seemingly so frail for a lad, was strong and firmly built, and hardened from all her outdoor life. Her frame was slight, but with a certain vitality that argued hopefully for her recovery.

Arlette dressed the wound; and she was overjoyed to see that the dagger had not struck close to the heart, but well above it. The wound was deep and jagged, but properly cared for might heal and the life of the beloved girl troubadour be saved.

(To be continued)

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A MAN AND A HOBBY

Paul Creger

HOBBIES and their proponents have arrived at prominence. Practically every man has had at least one idea for a sideline pastime. Although all the ideas do not become hobbies, notions sometimes develop almost beyond imagination.

Simon O'Donnell, "beloved citizen of Upper Sandusky, Ohio," had one of those ideas that did grow. He conceived the idea and also provided the grounds for its development. Modern streamlined innovations aided him in proving his idea a real hobby.

It is estimated that this man of the Irish, whose own Requiem Mass was recently sung, had attended during his life approximately 2,000 funerals and that he had sent out at least 30,000 convalescent greetings, Christmas and New Year's cards, birthday greetings or congratulatory messages. Besides he had given scores of wedding presents, spiritual and floral bouquets, made gifts of money and had done numerous other such deeds.

Simon, as he was known to everyone, had one of the most unusual and original hobbies of this modern world. It all happened because so many of his home town friends had attended the Requiem Mass for his father, while he was unable to attend. But that was only the beginning of his special life work.

Even in death, Simon O'Donnell will probably never become famous. And that in spite of the fact he had been heard from in almost every section of the United States and even in some foreign countries. His was a hobby, but a hobby that was really more a vocation.

Simon was born in the quiet former Indian village of Upper Sandusky, September 6, 1871, seventy years ago. His was the rich heritage of Ireland, for both his parents were native of the picturesque Emerald Isle. Immigrating to the new land of promise and finally to Upper Sandusky, they



reared their family of six children.

It was into this family steeped in Irish tradition that Simon O'Donnell was born, in the same house in which he was to spend nearly all his life and in the same home in which he was to meet his last illness. Simon was never to see great prosperity come to this particular house of O'Donnell, but neither was he to see poverty.

Never to see poverty. And yet his life in many details must have been one of much self-denial. Many people have lived frugally for selfish purposes. But Simon did not save money for the mere pleasure of saving, but rather for the pleasure of giving more pleasure to others.

This man of O'Donnell was not a learned man and was not bookish. Yet he proved that worldly knowledge is not necessary in the makeup of a Catholic gentleman. He proved it with one possible exception. Simon had a temper which was just a bit uncontrollable at times.

For a man of the Irish that was not so harmful and with Simon it was perhaps almost excusable. For he was "in for a lot of kidding" because of his hobby and also because of his deep sense of loyalty to the Democratic party, which he was wont to defend vigorously against all antagonists. Even in his bursts of temper, I never heard him resort to cursing or foul language, and I saw him daily for over a dozen years.

A retired Upper Sandusky newspaperman, H. A. Tracht, who incidentally was perhaps the village's first editor not to publish editorial comment hostile to the Church, told me the story behind Simon's unusual hobby.

As a young man Simon had taken the advice of Horace Greeley; he went west. In New Mexico he was employed for a time as mail carrier on a star route. It was during that period that Simon's father, the late Michael O'Donnell, died. Simon

was unable to return home in time for the funeral.

When he did return, he learned that the townspeople had crowded into St. Peter's Church to attend the Requiem Mass. In spite of the fact Michael O'Donnell had been the proprietor of a saloon, he had been a highly respected man. He had the reputation of conducting one of the cleanest and most respectable barrooms in town. Drunks had never been permitted in his place.

In the days and months that followed his return the townspeople noticed Simon O'Donnell in attendance at each and every funeral. He became a familiar figure at the last rites of his friends, of his acquaintances, and even of those he had never known. The people of Upper Sandusky began to wonder and there was some talk. Some were even bold enough to "kid" Simon about it. But let's have Editor Tracht, who is some years Simon's senior, tell the story.

"Simon came into the office one day," he said. "He looked woefully disconsolate and it seemed to me there was a suspicion of tears in his eyes. I asked him what the trouble was. This is what he told me.

"Simon had estimated that nearly every family in town had been represented at his father's funeral. He had been deeply affected by the attitude of his father's friends. Because he himself had been unable to attend and because he wanted to return the gesture made by his father's friends, he decided to attend every funeral in Upper Sandusky as long as he was able.

"The people are laughing at me and kidding me because I am doing this," Simon told me. "Do you think I am doing something that is silly or wrong?"

"Of course I assured him he was doing absolutely the right thing. If he felt that he owed something to his father's friends, there was nothing I could do but heartily approve of his idea."

No doubt some people came to believe Simon a bit eccentric, because of his attendance at the funerals. His noticeable speech handicap helped to magnify that misconception. But there was no more grounds to believe this man of O'Donnell eccentric than there is to place any devout Catholic in that category.

Editor Tracht had reasons to respect the O'Donnells. Simon in the years that followed proved one of his best news sources, even though he refused to play favorites among editors. Then Simon's father, Michael O'Donnell, had been Editor Tracht's first paid subscriber 63 years ago, even before the new Tracht publication was placed in circulation.

It had happened that Young Tracht had just walked out of his father's shoe shop when he met the elder O'Donnell. Because they were friends,

a conversation ensued during which the young man announced that he planned to publish a newspaper and he described his proposed venture.

"Here," said the older man, handing over a dollar bill, "put me on your list."

"But you don't know how this is going to turn out," protested the young newsman. "Maybe I won't last a year."

"You'll do all right," said the other as he walked away.

It was in 1890 that Michael O'Donnell's death occurred. Fifty years ago the son began his unusual vocation. The half century that followed was to see its unexpected development.

Shortly after taking up his special vocation he was sending sympathy cards to the families of the deceased, especially those of non-Catholics. He often requested Masses for those of his faith. But Simon did not stop with his attempts to console the bereaved families.

Gradually he took advantage of the popularity of New Year's greetings, which were at that time the fad of the land. Christmas cards eventually replaced them.

It occurred to him that the sick also needed his attention, and with Simon the decision was action. Often before the public was generally aware of illness in its midst, the sick were receiving wishes for a speedy recovery from Simon.

There is another story told of Simon. It is purported to have increased his zeal for his vocation. A young man, according to the story, was taken abed by illness. Throughout the period of his confinement to his room he failed to hear from a single friend. Not even a card reached him expressing best wishes. Simon, it is said, resolved that as long as he lived this would happen to no other person within reach of the mailman.

There were also the birthday anniversaries, and of course the more important wedding anniversaries. This man of O'Donnell even attempted to increase the happiness of his friends by sending them presents on the occasion of weddings.

Now and then, where bouquets would do the most good, his friends received flowers. There are rumors that he personally distributed alms. Simon never spoke of any of these. He talked only occasionally of his cards. How many more acts he performed will probably never be known.

Simon kept up to date with the happenings of his own community by reading the local newspapers, which he watched constantly for news of deaths and illness. In addition, he read a number of city papers to "keep tab on" the news of the nation and the world.

In turn Simon served the local newspapers as tipster on local and many out-of-town items. Editors and reporters tell how time after time he was the first to notify news offices of a train wreck, a death of a native in some distant city, a marriage or numerous other events of importance to Upper Sandusky. For his services the publishers vied with one another in doing him favors.

Simon had no other visible means of financing his vocation than his own daily work of helping his brother, James, operate the small restaurant and barroom inherited from their father. Like his brother, he remained a bachelor and to him fell the added work of keeping house. Simon's income was perhaps only average for a small town.

In spite of his small income, it is known that his bill for his hobby in some weeks almost approximated his week's wages and often amounted to between \$5 and 10 for the seven days. That he must have lived frugally in many respects, although he hardly looked the part, must be taken for granted.

Small of stature, he was heavy set and jolly. He was a good, but not a flashy dresser, and on occasion could look the part of a well established citizen. His principal mark of distinction in dress was the black derby, which was as characteristic of him as the brown derby is to Al Smith.

There was another thing that almost seemed a part of this man who had devoted so much of his time and money to a sideline vocation. This was his little reed basket, in which he carried his newspapers, cards, presents, or whatever was handy to put in it.

Although it is a little known fact, Simon possessed a remarkable memory. He never used a memorandum for his annual list of Christmas cards nor for other special occasions. He filled out the addresses from memory. And he never kept a record of birthdays and other anniversaries, which it appears he never forgot.

Simon disliked publicity in connection with his vocation. He received little notice for his work during his life, not because the public was unaware of his hobby, but because he refused to discuss it. How his own birthday anniversary was ever learned no doubt proved something of a mystery to Simon himself.

At one time, he was urged to apply for appearance on a national radio broadcast to describe his hobby. Simon excused himself from what would undoubtedly have proven an ordeal to him.

"It's pretty hard for me to get away," he said. "I'm not much of a hand for such excitement anyway." It is altogether likely that he could not

conceive the advantage of shirking his daily work for national publicity.

One of the finest comments paid Simon was that he never played favorites. He remembered the non-Catholic as well as the Catholic, the poor as well as the rich and the obscure as well as the famous.

Even with those with whom he did not always agree, he was among the group which offered condolences in time of death or hope for speedy recovery in time of sickness. How often his cards were the first to reach the sick bedside will never be known, but such was a frequent occurrence.

Naturally Simon received many cards in return and there is little doubt that his collection would have proved something of a find for autograph seekers. While his collection included many cards from neighbors it also contained messages from famous Americans.

There was for instance the card of thanks from Henry Ford on the occasion of an anniversary, a card from Mrs. Warren G. Harding following the death of the former president, one from Mrs. Calvin Coolidge after the death of her famous husband, from President Roosevelt following his first reelection, from Mrs. Harvey Firestone, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and the late Mrs. James Roosevelt among many others.

That little things count was demonstrated during his last illness. Cards by the score arrived at his home and at the hospital where he was shortly taken. Many others would have been sent him if his condition had not been considered so critical.

Following his death, this man, who had spent his life doing little bits for the pleasure of others, was paid numerous tributes. The local newspaper carried an editorial on his life. City publications gave accounts of his death with special recognition for his life work. The business people of the town took up a collection and offered a huge basket of flowers. Many people asked for Masses.

In staid Upper Sandusky where deaths of residents receive little more consideration than the usual discussion or by attendance of friends at the last rites, businessmen closed their stores during the funeral hour. This is a tribute probably never before paid a man of humble station, and even very infrequently to more prominent citizens.

This man of O'Donnell asked no other thanks than the satisfaction of making someone's day a little brighter. He was humble but cheerful, thoughtful of his fellowmen and above all mindful of his religious duties. He received his Lord in the Blessed Sacrament at least weekly. His designs for the future must have been for a treasure, not on earth, but in heaven.

They Also Serve

H. C. McGinnis

THESE days find many women with growing youngsters and heavy household duties expressing themselves as feeling they are not doing as much as they should for the victory effort. They find they can spare little time for the various activities offered by civilian defense. Yet, whether or not they realize it, these very women are extremely important in the national program.

Democracy's chief strength lies in the proper conception of its requirements and responsibilities. In nations where democracy does not exist,—or exists in name only—civil, economic, and social laws are enforced by government decrees backed up by differing forms of compulsion. But American democracy depends upon each civilian's realizing that an undictated way of life demands a high morality in every daily activity, both public and private. This high moral conception, while it may be acquired later, is more reliable when it is a definite part of childhood training. Since an understanding of democracy's workings is not inherited but must be acquired anew by each generation, America's future happiness lies largely in the hands of its mothers.

Both in war and peace, a nation's safety depends upon the type and quality of the value it places upon freedom. Since a nation's greatest progress is made during its peaceful years, its rate of attainment of both national and individual happiness depends primarily upon two factors: first, its conception of what constitutes real happiness and progress; and secondly, the degree of unselfish devotion with which its citizens devote themselves to its advancement. Both of these factors depend upon the morality of the men and women—and of the children, too—who

make up the nation. If the morality of the majority is low, the national goals will be low; if the individual's conception of his responsibilities is poor, the execution of his civic functions will be poor. In his Farewell Address, Washington, who paid a tremendous price in personal sacrifice for a people's liberty, stressed again and again that a high order of liberty, freedom and justice depends upon a high standard of morality.

In times of war, when stress and strain are greatest, a nation's strength depends much upon its civic virtue. France's civic morality had fallen so low that its brand of liberty did not seem worth the supreme sacrifice to enough of its people. Norway, on the other hand, swamped by overpowering numbers, has daringly resisted all efforts to impose upon it an unmoral ideology.

Although a nation's battlefronts get most of the public's attention and concern, thoughtful patriots realize that, after all, the country's homes are equally important. Great military establishments are essential to a modern war, to be sure; but a nation which lacks that proper conception of life by which it generates its spiritual courage, cracks easily when the going gets really tough.

This proper conception of life is nurtured in the home and its quality is determined by it. So, in the final analysis, America's strength depends much upon America's mothers. History shows that the instances are rare in which the individual rises much above the morality of his childhood training.

Schools teach the future citizen the meaning and use of democracy's tools and the functions of government; churches point the way to the proper goals in life; but it remains for the home to adjust those teachings to the problems of everyday living. Since the greater part of this character training falls within the sphere of the mother, it is very obvious why conscientious motherhood is in itself a patriotic defense effort. True, the mothers' branch of national service has no distinctive uniform, except, perhaps, the apron; no blaring bands induct them into service or proclaim a nation's gratitude and pride when the campaign is over; no bonuses are paid when they exceed their daily quota of work as they most usually do; none of that mass psychology which spurs the industrial worker to outdo himself heartens the nation's mothers as they go about their endless chores. Their reward lies in the exhibited strength, courage and character of the nation, their monument is the continued integrity of American civilization.

So brush the cobwebs from your vision, you mothers who feel so helpless in the victory effort! Your little economies and your abbreviated civilian defense efforts are important, without doubt; but, although your work lacks the fanfare accorded to many other patriotic activities, you are one of the real foundations of the nation's greatness, both in war and peace.



A LAWYER'S DEVOTION

Eugene Spiess, O.S.B.

TRAVELING through the State of Louisiana I met a young lawyer who invited me to dinner, it being a Sunday and the lawyer free from his court labors. After dinner this Catholic man offered to take me for a ride in his car for what seemed to be a mere pleasure trip but what proved to be a great desire on his part to praise the Sacred Heart. An incident in his life, where certainty of death was most imminent, prompted this desire.

At a certain point the young lawyer stopped his car and prefaced his story with the following remark: "Father, I had so accustomed myself in my life to saying 'Sacred Heart help me' that on one occasion, when speech was impossible, I appealed to the Lord in a fervent *thought* and the Lord helped me most *suddenly*."

We were standing still at a steep incline above what in the South is called a "bayou." A bridge was visible far below us. The lawyer continued: "I had been called by the Court to attend a trial in a nearby parish. (Counties in Louisiana are called parishes.) The judge asked me to bring along his stenographer, a Catholic young lady. When my companion and I arrived at this steep incline, where you and I now are, seeing the bridge below us, I made no attempt to check my car. Just as we were about to enter and pass over the bridge, the operator in charge opened the bridge to allow a boat to pass. The fellow opened the bridge from below where he could not see my car, and I, with my companion plunged into the depth of the bayou."

"My prayer 'Sacred Heart help me' and the swing of my arm over my head, where I found an open window of my car, was all instantaneous. I closed my lips tightly, took no breath and crawled through the small opening. Nearly suffocating, I swam to the surface. There I saw several colored men and shouted to them: 'Quick, get a rope, there is a young lady down there.' The colored men quickly got a rope, and one of them plunged into the bayou, ran the rope through some place, very likely a wheel of my car, and we pulled the car to shore. Doctors were called while we removed the young lady from the car. My companion was dead.

"The verdict of one of the doctors was: "Not a drop of water in her lungs. She did not drown, for

she did not even draw breath, since her lips are tightly closed. Another physician stated: "I know this girl. She has been coming to me for treatment. She had a diseased heart. That girl died suddenly from fright at the moment you plunged into the bayou with your car."

We are living at a time when men are dying by the thousands. Tears and cries all over this earth of ours! Women and children in terrible agonies! Too bad we have not accustomed ourselves to saying "Sacred Heart help me" as the Louisiana lawyer had done! It is not too late yet.

In appearing to Saint Margaret Alacoque, and in our own time to the little Benigna of Como, Italy, the Lord insisted that he is in agony, men and women not showing his Sacred Heart the love He so desires, as only a God-man can desire.

It is not the intention of the writer to dwell at length on the revelations made by the Lord to St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, and in our own time to Benigna Consolata, who died as a Visitation Nun in the year 1916. It will suffice if we recall only the Third Revelation in which the Lord commanded His Church in a revelation made to St. Margaret Mary to institute the feast of the Sacred Heart, to be observed on the Friday after the octave of the feast of Corpus Christi, to institute the observance of the First Fridays, and the Holy Hour on Thursdays. This revelation was begun with the words: "Behold this Heart which has loved men so much, even to suffering and death, to show them Its love; and in return I receive for the most part nothing but ingratitude irreverence and sacrilege, the coldness and contempt which they show Me in this Sacrament of Love."

Saint Margaret Mary, in response to this command of the Lord, cried out: "Lord how can I possibly do this?" She received the answer, "Apply to my servant whom I have sent to perfect this design." If, kind readers, you desire more information as to who this "servant" may be, apply to any Visitation convent in the United States for full information relative to the Lord's revelations to St. Margaret Mary Alacoque.

Don't Make Your Child Stubborn

L. E. Eubanks



RECENTLY I read an unusually good article by Mrs. Cleveland Myers, in which it was stated that many children learn to be stubborn—and that before they are three years old. Watching some parents, we can readily believe it; that unintentionally the parents actually teach that quality which they would like to avoid.

If all parents exercised the tact and skill of animal trainers there would be almost no stubborn children. The trainer makes attractive that which he desires to teach; for instance (in the early stages), he does not command the seal to toss the ball. Step by step, with infinite patience, he induces the animal to do his wishes. Then he rewards the pupil with a fish or something else the seal likes. All energy is spent on getting the seal to do the right thing, and punishment is employed very, very sparingly. The big object is cooperation of the learner; even in the show, force is used only as a preventive against the wrong action. The right course is always made attractive.

The animal trainer has learned from experience that his method works. He knows that any creature runs from pain and approaches pleasure, that it is willing to repeat what has given satisfaction.

Apparently, some parents know

less than that about babies. A fundamental mistake is to punish the youngster both for doing the wrong thing and to make him do the right thing. They punish to prevent and they punish to promote. They command the child of two not to step off the curb, and they command him to pick up his blocks. Force always is implied in a command. Very little reproof will keep the child from running into the street; but one could beat a two-year old child to death and yet fail to make him pick up blocks or say "please" if the little one chose to disobey.

Such reports as these are not un-



common: "My child will not do what I tell him to do, and no amount of punishment brings result; the more I punish him, indeed, the more stubborn he becomes." That condition can cause endless trouble; a father comes home from work where he has been commanding people all day. He is in the habit of demanding strict obedience. In the office or at the factory, "Go" and "Come" mean just that, without any qualifications. Carried home, this ideal efficiency does not work so well. The child does not go by command; then the father says things about the moth-

er's failure to teach obedience, and proceeds to demonstrate.

The child is commanded to shut the door or bring his father's slippers. He refuses; something in that voice irritates him. Then he is punished. Maybe he still refuses; but even if he obeys through fear, the seeds of stubbornness have been sown.

How different results would have been if the father had asked the child to do the thing. The important thing here is that in case of refusal you have not made it necessary to carry out commands. When we request a child to do something, let us honor his decision. We have met no defeat, but can go on indefinitely with methods of persuasion. But a command must be followed with compulsion or defeat of the commander, if the person ordered declines to do the bidding. It is so much better to strive for cooperation; we train in obedience every time we get a child to do without resistance what we want him to do.

The child who so learns happily to cooperate before the age of four can be commanded effectually at the age of six or seven. In time, the non-doing becomes less attractive than the doing. But with such a child, properly grounded in cooperation during the first four years of life, coercion is seldom necessary. Requests only are required. Commands,



used rarely, are applied almost entirely to prevention; they are not orders to act.

Summing up, if you would teach obedience and avoid stubbornness, make it a rule not to command the child under three or four to do anything. Limit your commands to the specific things you are sure he should not do. Use requests. If the child does not respond do not punish him; but think out some way to make him want to do it. When he responds be liberal with approval. "Stars are effective, but stripes are futile."

If the baby, in a fit of rage, throws an object, give him pain at once so he will not repeat it. But don't try to make him pick up the object. If you do try, you are quite certain to fail and have a scene. If he runs away see that he is punished immediately as he starts, or as he crosses a definite "dead line"; but don't punish him for being caught or to make him return, or to "come here."

Don't punish the child under three or four to make him say please, thank you, to shake hands with folks,

to get him to come in from play, to go to bed, etc. Take enough time, and use all the skill of which you are capable to make him want to do these things; then follow the doing by approvals, by games, by reading to him or telling stories—or some other kind of appreciation for his cooperation.

Suppose the child stamps his feet and shouts "no" when you make a suggestion or request. Let him go. Keep on with your program. If you are skillful and patient he will respond. A certain child of three is told "It is bedtime." "I no go to bed," he yells. The patient father drops upon his knees and hands, and the child, still shouting no, climbs upon his daddy's back and soon is in his bedroom happy, taking off his clothes.

Such a program calls for time; and it calls for skill and the exercise of gray matter—of course it does. But time so spent is well invested. Every instance in which you succeed in getting the child's happy cooperation makes more certain your success in the future. Each

victory widens the road for another. The way to save time with babies is to seem to lose it; the way to lose time is to seem to save it.

Nearly all emotional conflicts with your children come when you are hurried. Babies won't fit into stopwatch programs; they won't shift attitudes like levers. Healthy emotional adjustment in the child is always gradual. There must be no crowding nature.

To train the little child, therefore, in constructive obedience is not so easy, but it is possible. Once it is determined what shall be avoided, a preventive program can be carried out almost by formula. But the things the child should do are many times more numerous, and the means by which he can be led to do them are almost without limit. The successful parent is the one who never ceases to discover new resources which will make desirable behavior by the baby natural and enjoyable. Successful training and guidance of the young is a science, and the careless parent cannot hope to achieve commendable results.

GOSPEL MOVIES

BY R.K.

Engraved Cornerstones



"He is worthy." —St. Luke 7:5

WHEN the centurion at Capernaum sent some of the elders of the Jews to ask Jesus to come and heal his sick servant, they said: "He is worthy that thou shouldst do this, for he loves our nation and himself has built us our synagogue" (St. Luke 7:5).

The laying of a cornerstone of a new church building is always a festive occasion. The stone itself is specially engraved, and the metal box placed in it contains some historical documents and souvenirs.

The parish church building is the house of God, a place of prayer and sacrifice. It is made as worthy of its exalted use as the means of the parishioners will permit. God, however, prefers living temples, made of flesh and blood, for His earthly home. He is the Divine Architect that would make of every home a church, a place of prayer and sacrifice, a true house of God. The foundations for this living church are laid in the indestructible marriage bond. Now comes the cornerstone—the first child. What a festive occasion for both father and mother. Then comes the day of holy baptism. Into the indestructible soul of that living cornerstone is placed, not an historical document, but the impress of the very image of the Blessed Trinity, the God Who shall live in that renovated and newly-consecrated temple of the newborn babe. And this sacred indwelling is destined to last, not merely for some ages on earth, but for all eternity in heaven.

One day, God so willing, upon this cornerstone another living church will be erected to serve as God's earthly dwelling. Can any human sacrifice be too great for this greatest of human privileges? Christian marriage should furnish cornerstones for living churches, not stumbling blocks to perdition.

GIVE *and* TAKE



Open Forum

This Month

Our Study Club

Anne Bartholomew

A FRIEND in a distant City writes me, pleading the cause of Study-Club work and bewailing the fact that the laity is giving so little thought to the study of dogmatic subjects. She writes: "Our people, unfortunately, are willing to take up every fad of the present day, not realizing how irreligious is the trend of thought. We should all be able to trace our Religion from the Ark of the Covenant to our Altars of the present day. The whole world is crying for Christ, and we who have Him, sit dumb and silent. With the brilliant pious man who guides our Church's destiny, we should each do something with our lives to help in Christ's work."

My friend believes the laity should make an intensive study of the Life of Christ with the idea of further establishing His divinity. On the testimony of saintly specialists who have made a life-time study of dogmatic subjects, I accept the divinity of Christ to be an established fact; therefore, I believe the vital problem for the lay person to consider is: What are we doing about it?

The real point of my friend's argument is this: She knows I am interested in psychology, and she shies a little at the word. To her it means

"fad of the present day"—"irreligious trend of thought." Since the science of psychology is all things to all people, the position she takes is quite defensible. Psychology is not concerned with good or evil, truth or falsehood, as such. Its concern centers in the origin of ideas, and in the physical, mental, moral and spiritual influences that govern the dissemination and control of thought. It is equally interested in all forms of thought from the highest and holiest inspiration to the most degraded and revolting mental state. Briefly stated, psychology is the Science which studies the human soul in union with, and acting through a physical body.

Professional investigators in the realm of psychology appear to be more interested in abnormal states of consciousness, and in eccentric or morbid characteristics, than in the orderly processes of normal mental development, while their open disagreement on such vital questions as the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the freedom of the will, leaves the whole subject—as a science—with scarcely a leg to stand on. Since no decisive word on this subject has yet been uttered, it is still the happy-hunting-ground of science, with open season for every one. It is not surprising, therefore, that when it became known in the Parish that a baker's dozen of Altar-and-Rosary and Holy-Name members had organized a "Telepathy

Club," there were lifted brows, sinister predictions and ominous forebodings. Not until the telepathy club came to be known by its true name, "The Study-Club," did it attain a degree of respectability.

As a child I used to wonder why some persons gave me gooseflesh while others made me feel as though I could curl up and purr like a kitten. Long before I knew the word or its meaning, I was a confirmed student of psychology, my purpose being to escape the unpleasant things of life. The passing years proved there is no such escape, and that suffering is a holy thing sanctified by Our Lord Himself. A day came in my adult life when, in a triumphant moment, my childish questions were answered and I was at last reconciled to the saddest event in history—the Crucifixion of our divine Lord. This word of explanation should make my own enthusiasm for group work in experimental psychology quite understandable.

Organized with the tacit permission of our Reverend Pastor, we entered joyously upon what to us was an intellectual adventure. The fact that our Pastor did not attend our meetings nor send a representative, we interpreted broadly as a vote of confidence. Not as agnostics, but as believers in the truths of Revelation, the truths explained by science, and the facts of our own experience, we set ourselves the task of studying human nature in action, with the ac-

cent on what is true in thought and excellent in conduct. Knowing that our intellects have been clouded and our wills weakened by Adam's sin of disobedience, we did not minimize the difficulties we faced. We accepted the findings of the Society for Psychological Research, a group of English intellectuals who had demonstrated the impossibility of communication with the dead, and had proved that spiritualism is an imposture, and Spiritism, or demon influence, a reality. While the net result of these investigations might well be compared to the Irishman's crop of potatoes, which he described as the finest crop he ever raised, "and nearly all of them bad," this Society nevertheless made a valuable contribution to the science of psychology. We saw no occasion for any intelligent investigator to reopen questions these analysts had so heroically and painstakingly answered. Since the Society for Psychological Research had coined the term "telepathy," and then left the subject dangling, it is easy to see how the word got off to a bad start.

The word telepathy denotes the ability of one mind to impress, or be impressed, by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense, regardless of distance. The principle admitted by scientists, philosophers, and theologians is that a fact must be looked upon as natural until the contrary is proved. Because experiments in telepathy offered safe, sturdy and interesting exercises in concentration and relaxation, we made them part of our regular club program for two-and-a-half years. By trial and correction we devised a system by which one member, by concentration, projected an idea, while the others relaxed and tried to grasp it. Subjects were arranged in pairs, numbered serially. When the person whose turn it was to "broadcast" mentioned the number he had chosen, the others knew he was thinking of one of two things—but which? Each person in the group held a copy of the program, and each checked his own reaction. There was no occasion for speech. In many of our tests the idea went over 100%. Our correct averages

ran from 52% in the beginning to 70% later on. Our aim was to reach 75%. This we failed to do.

Our test was always preceded by a short discourse, prepared in advance by some member of our group. The purpose of these discourses was to create an atmosphere friendly to the work in hand, to bring our thoughts into unity, and to erase from memory for the time being all accumulated mental clutter. These discourses touched briefly, lightly, but always firmly upon a wide variety of subjects. The Ten Commandments, for instance, and the implications we drew from the fact that but two were positive, "Thou Shalt," while eight were restrictive, "Thou shalt not." We considered the freedom of the will, and contrasted it with the Japanese philosophy which denies this freedom, disdains the idea of God and of the immortality of the soul; and, disguised as "personal influence," frankly teaches the art of hypnosis. Our Lord never resorted to hypnotism but sought to free men's minds from error and superstition. We took occasion to admire the mentality and spiritual strength of our American heroes, Washington and Lincoln. We briefly surveyed the outstanding performance of Sir Walter Scott, who dedicated his talents to repaying the debts of a bankrupt publisher; acknowledging the while that we ourselves are the descendants of a discredited ancestor whose legacy to us is an incalculable debt—a debt owed to Almighty God. We highlighted the Christian drama of Scott's life by contrasting it with that of an American renegade who has made the headlines in current literature. An Altar boy in his youth, the autobiography of his childhood suggests the reversed peristalsis of thought. Dante, Thomas Aquinas, and St. Augustine each had his day in our little court. We paid our respects to men who had distinguished themselves in medical science, and in mechanical invention. We noted the case of the Negro boy who was found in the heart of Africa living with baboons, eating as they ate and going on all fours. Captured by scientists when he was apparently about twelve

years of age, he learned to walk erect, acquired the use of speech and even learned two languages in the two years he survived. Even Sport had its Field Day when the game of golf came up for consideration in our study of the evolution of the idea and its related emotions.

By the end of 1940 we agreed that our telepathic tests had proved three things: First, that it is possible to transmit thought from one mind to another without the usual means of communication; second, that we would never be able to acquire a degree of proficiency in telepathy which would enable us to communicate without words; and third, that we would not choose to dispense with language if we could. For the future what we had gained in concentration and relaxation we would apply to serious reading. Because Father James A. Magner is to the Study-Club movement what Bishop Sheil is to the C. Y. O. our first choice was Father Magner's book, "For God and Democracy." We found this book full of inspiration and we were able to complete its reading by the end of our club season. The following Fall, 1941, we took up the study of the Mass, using "The Liturgy of the Mass" by Dr. Parsch, in its English translation by Father Eckhoff. As the drama of the Mass unfolds we trace the changes that have come with the centuries, and we picture the pageantry of the Offertory procession. Difficulties, persecutions, the sufferings of saints and martyrs, have no part in this drama. Beginning with The Last Supper, "This is My Body—This is My Blood," the pageantry changes but the theme is constant—Christ in the Blessed Eucharist. Our study of the Liturgy has put new meaning into our modern stream-lined Mass. Our Offertory is more practical but less picturesque, because, for the bread and wine, grain and oil and other gifts of bounteous nature, we substitute our convenient decimal coinage. But yesterday, today, and always, the theme is the same, "Jesus in the Holy Eucharist."

Psychology as a science dates to a period previous to the coming of Our Lord, when Aristotle summed up the whole subject in a single sentence,

"There is nothing in the intellect that was not first in the senses." God creates the soul and the soul builds the body, which is the form of the soul. The intellectual faculties, will, memory and understanding, are properties of the soul. The physical senses, taste, touch, sight, smell and hearing are faculties of the body. These physical senses are the tools we use in gathering ideas. But an idea, once acquired, is immediately picked up by the intellect and becomes the property of the soul. It is like money in the bank—a negotiable commodity which one can use during life and even carry forward into a future existence.

The mystics of the East do marvelous things simply by the power of thought—things that would be called miraculous if they had any value either for time or for eternity. These mystics of the Orient attain their remarkable mental power through the cultivation of concentration, and the ability to relax at will. As they are quite outside the pale of Christianity their peculiar powers are frankly attributed to the influence of Satan. Nevertheless, they are our brothers in blood, sons of Adam, with a physical organism and a mental capacity similar to our own. Whatever is fine in pagan philosophy is but a foreshadowing of the philosophy and teachings of Christ, and we are entitled to take it as from an unjust possessor. Though we discard their philosophy and deny their leadership, we, as members of the Mystical Body of Christ, may profitably consider their technique without actually adopting it. We Study-Club members take the attitude of the coachman, who, when applying for a position was asked how near to a precipice he could drive with safety. "I'd keep as far away from it as I could," was his reply.

Our telepathic tests were undertaken in the spirit of recreation, but with serious intent. We indulged in no horse-play, no clowning. Telepathy appears to be a spontaneous perception which depends for success on two factors: individual attunement and a direct current of thought. It is a gift. It is desirable that we understand this faculty of the mind, and it is more desirable,

even necessary, that we cultivate control over our own thoughts because we are in constant interchange of thought with the people among whom we mingle. Language is the finest flower that civilization has produced. Whether we think or speak or write, words are the symbols we use. It is by no means desirable that we learn to communicate without the spoken or written word. Indeed it might be embarrassing and most painful were we able to read each other's thoughts at will. It is highly important, however, that we grasp the full meaning of what we read or hear. To do this we must clear the mind of thought debris, relax and concentrate.

The great advantage of the Study-Club is that it draws together persons who have similar tastes and interests. It tends to build up a reservoir of subconscious thought to which each member brings his best, and from which each can draw on demand for inspiration and strength. With this idea in mind our meetings are regularly held in one place, a private home where we are reasonably free from intrusion. Our membership includes teachers active and retired, business men and women, choir members, housewives, and a reader who knows his Latin and would rather sing the Mass than eat. We are naive enough to accept the Old Testament as authentic history, and to believe in the "legend" of The Creation, Lady Eleanor to the contrary notwithstanding. We believe, with Jacques Maritain, that "Christianity lifts up within their own order the things of culture and of the commonwealth. Thus there is a Christian honor, natural Christian virtues, a Christian law; thus there is, at work in history, and countered by powerful adverse forces, a Christian leaven which tends to cause human society to pass on into conditions of higher civilization. That Christians should consent to let this inner energy, which it is their task to maintain, waste itself—here is a great loss for nature and for humanity."

The science of psychology has been so much exploited by charlatans that it is sometimes looked upon by other departments of knowl-

edge as a sort of "poor relation"—as one unworthy the courtesy due to fellowship. In reality it is the Queen of the philosophical sciences, the Lady Bountiful of the intellectual life. One of the most urgent tasks imposed upon Christian psychologists is a diligent investigation of the aptitudes and powers of the human soul. The science of psychology is like a new country that has been explored but not developed. Its development awaits the coming of those hardy pioneers who have the courage and the enterprise to go in and occupy. Before man was created Almighty God made all the laws. Neither man nor angel can change these Laws. Adam tried to do it. So did Lucifer. We know what happened. These two law-breakers are primarily responsible for the clash of personalities from which we suffer in a world we share with creatures like ourselves. War, whether between individuals or nations, is always an emotional conflict, whereas peace, the tranquillity of order, is the result of moral victory.

If you seek peace of mind and emotional tranquillity, by all means join a Study-Club and practice using your head. There's nothing like it. And don't allow yourself to be bluffed by that word *psychology*, the dictionary name for the old vagabond you know so well, Human Nature. You know your psychology as the Red Indian knew his Maker. Caught on the first bounce by a zealous Missionary, he was asked how he could so easily accept Christ. He answered, "Why I've known Him all my life, only I didn't know His Name."

And so the divergence between my friend and my Club narrows to this: She believes the laity should study the Life of Christ, and so be able, by argument and persuasion, to convince the world of His divinity: Because we hold the divinity of Christ to be an established fact, we believe the duty of the lay person is to dramatize in his own life the joy of Christian living, according to the teachings of Christ and of His divinely founded Church. And by the way, no one dramatizes Christian living with truer art or finer courage than does my valiant friend.

No Greater Love

Warren R. Dacey

IT HAD NOT been an easy decision for Madge Evans to return to St. Francis hospital as supervisor of the student nurses on the second floor. For she had not been able to make up her mind for some time. Dwight Foster had asked her to marry him.

And it wouldn't have been one of those "fly-by-night" affairs. It wouldn't have been that impulsive decision so common to many twentieth century romances. None of that Hollywood stuff, an elopement in the middle of the night and a divorce as soon as you got your lawyer out of bed. For Dwight Foster was older than Madge by five years; and he could well support her. As head of Foster Inc., he was good for a half million a year after the government got through with his taxes.

Dwight had pleaded with her, told her how much he cared. But she had come back to work here. It wasn't exactly that she wanted to further her career. She wasn't sure that she loved him. And she remembered how hard it had been to tell him, how he shrugged his shoulders, and said "I understand, but I'll still continue to hope, and if ever you want anything, let me know."

Often during the course of the next few months Dwight came to see her on weekends. She marveled at his good humor, his ability to find her enjoyable as a friend. Madge knew it would have been easy and usual for a person in his circumstances to "drown his sorrows," as the modern world says it. But that was not in keeping with his character. There was something fine and noble about him. He was, Madge thought, like a symbol—no, not a symbol, but a real living proof of why dictators will fail. Dwight was a man in the very best sense of the word. He could take it.

"If only I did love him," Madge used to say, "if only I did."

But hospital work does not leave much time for reflection. The constant supervisory work over student nurses demanded long hours, and details which make personal problems less acute. And work was something Madge did enjoy. Nursing to her

was not a sacrifice, but a privilege. She hoped she could be the human instrument by which God would bring cheer to the afflicted. Busy days to be sure. But days when courage and hope shone through myriad eyes.

Then one day the ambulance attendants brought a young man into Room 205. He was the victim of an explosion, and had been badly burned. His eyes were hurt; they couldn't tell yet, didn't know. But they were afraid. And Madge, in attendance, almost cried. For she could not help noticing how young he was, and how handsome.

"It would be terrible," she said to herself, "terrible if he is afflicted."

She, however, regained her composure, went next to the bed, and said as only a nurse can, "Comfortable enough. Anything I can do?"

He seemed not to know at first what to do.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I feel o.k. under the circumstances." He felt the bandages over his eyes. But he did not press her for details. "I guess I got my formulas mixed up a bit," he said. "Pretty stupid of me."

"We all make mistakes," Madge said. But most of the time, she thought, they hurt not ourselves but others. Funny wasn't it.

"Are you a chemist?" Madge asked.

"Yes—oh, by the way, I'm Ralph Holmes, what's your name?"

"Madge," she replied, "Madge Evans."

"Glad to know you," he said. "Yes, I'm working for a firm handling government orders—a new type of formula for war purposes. And bang—I'm the first victim."

Madge shuddered somewhat. War does its bit not only on the battle fronts, but far removed from them. Its horrors reach in far removed places. Brutality never seems to understand how very brutal it is. Mad men have only a quaint idea of the horrible things they do. They can measure the territory they conquer, and can even estimate fairly accurately military catastrophes. But they can

only guess at the havoc they cause to those removed from their statistics. That is why they are mad! They are so terribly ignorant of their crimes. Like other Judases, they know not the extent of their treachery.

Days of consultation went by, and Madge waited anxiously for word about Ralph's eyes. Every free minute she had, she dropped in to see him.

Dr. Bancroft, head of the hospital, called her in one day. "Miss Evans," he said, "there is hope for Ralph Holmes, but it will take money; more than his accident policy. And as you know, he has no relatives. He's an orphan."

Madge was elated. Hope . . . but how about the money? The cost for surgery and the long after care. How get it?

Then, Madge remembered someone. Someone who said, "If you ever need me, ever need anything don't fail to ask me."

Dwight Foster. But this was different. How could she ask the man who loved her to give his money? Wasn't that stretching it a little too far? Yet, how else could Ralph's sight be restored? And if . . .

She wrote to Dwight telling him everything. It was a straightforward letter, explaining in full the circumstances. She was not surprised that he telegraphed immediately: "Make all necessary arrangements. Will take care of financial end. Will see you soon. Love."

Madge didn't know how she could ever repay him. She hoped that some day Dwight would find someone, some girl who would make him happy. He certainly deserved it.

Dr. Wheeler performed the operation on Ralph, and gave Madge much encouragement.

"Time will tell," he said, "but I think it will work out."

Dwight came down frequently. He helped to cheer the long days. With each visit, Madge began to admire him more. His life, she felt, had so much in it. And it was so amazing. It could so easily have been frittered away, so aimlessly spent. Wasn't it, she wondered, harder to be good when it was so easy to be bad? And, therefore, more admirable?

And then one day, Dr. Wheeler came to tell them next Monday, the bandages could be removed.

Dwight said to her one evening, "I hope for Ralph's sake . . . and for yours that it will be o.k. It'd be pitiful, so sad if it isn't."

So pitiful! Madge wondered. Was that her real feeling for Ralph? Was it sorrow she felt for him, pity? Had it been a positive emotion of love or one

brought about because, as a nurse, she had never quite seen such a pathetic case? And how about these past few weeks with Dwight? Why had she gone to him in trouble? And what was love anyway? It wasn't just a childish dream of streets of happiness, but an adult actuality of rough roads—made easier through loyalty and sacrifice. "No greater love than sacrifice."

As the days went by, she began to know it more and more. She understood it clearly now.

The big day came. Dr. Wheeler asked Madge to cut the bandages. Her hands never seemed so unsteady. Each clip of the scissors seemed to count so much, like a rosary of hope. The eyes were bared. Dr. Wheeler stood before the patient. The usual tests, the usual anxieties. A smile came to two lips—the doctor's and Ralph's. It soon became contagious. The verdict was successful.

Ralph looked at Madge. "You're lovely," he said, "really lovely."

She tried to hold back the tears. "I'm so glad, so glad," she said.

"A few weeks more of rest, my boy," said the doctor, "and then you can go back to work."

The next few weeks, Madge prepared Ralph for the days to come. Then the night before he was leaving, he said to her, "Madge, there's something I've got to tell you."

She dreaded it now. She had wondered how she could ever escape it. It seemed now that it was here so much more difficult than she could have imagined.

"Madge," he began, "things happen to you when you lie in bed and you can't see. You can sense things though. You know somehow when things are happening, when things are changing. You can't see people, but you can tell quite vividly how they feel, what they are thinking about."

He paused. She was not looking at him. For she did not feel quite up to it.

He went on. "Dwight's a swell fellow, Madge. They don't come any better. I've known for some time now, before my sight came back that you were in love with him. Now that I'm better, there's no need to be sorry for me, to pity me. Love is something different, Madge. I think you've discovered it, too."

It seemed as if the last heartbreak had passed. Madge looked at Ralph. "Yes," she said, "I've discovered it. But I'll never forget you, Ralph, and I think I'll always understand so much better now. I'm glad I didn't marry Dwight until I was sure I loved him. I can make him so much happier now . . . so much happier."

ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS

ON THE morning of May 22nd the Abbey celebrated the last offices in the Liturgy of the Dead for Father Basil—the Requiem Mass on the thirtieth day after his death. After the Absolution the Abbey bells that had recalled the death of Father Basil were silent. Somehow the thought of death lingered as the morning's classes began. Less than an hour later the big bell (the Priests' bell) in the Abbey Church broke its short silence to toll the death of another Father. Students and professors alike were wondering whose death was being announced this time—no Father at the Abbey or the missions outside was known to be critically ill. The first class period finally ended. There was a general move from the classroom to the bulletin board. Its brief note told almost unbelievable news: "Father Thomas dropped dead at St. Anthony's Rectory (Evansville) before 9:00 this morning." The message was short, but the pain it brought to the Fathers and students at St. Meinrad will linger a long time.

This sudden death came without warning. Father Thomas had not complained of any illness; only a violent cough indicated a possible heart condition. He had promised to attend a funeral on Friday morning at St. Anthony's Church in the city. Shortly before the funeral Mass Father Thomas drove to the neighboring rectory. Only a few moments after he arrived he had a prolonged and severe coughing spell. While talking with Monsignor Ketter who came into the room to offer some assistance Father Thomas suffered the heart attack which claimed his life a few moments later.

The grief of St. Benedict's Parish, its loyal tribute to his memory told of Father Thomas's success as Pastor. In less than three years he gained the hearts of his people. His sudden death painfully broke strong ties that promised a flourishing parish life for the future of St. Benedict's. The parish had a touching farewell for its Pastor. On Satur-



day morning the body was returned to St. Benedict's Church for a Solemn Requiem attended by the children of the school. Again on Monday devoted parishioners and friends filled the spacious church for the funeral services. A large number of priests chanted the Office of the Dead and assisted at the Requiem Mass. Father William Schaeffers, a brother of Father Thomas, offered the Solemn High Requiem Mass. From the Abbey a schola of monks came to chant the Proper of the Mass in Gregorian Chant. The boys' choir of St. Benedict's sang the Ordinary. Father Abbot Ignatius preached the funeral sermon and gave the Pontifical Absolution after Mass. The funeral cortege arrived at St. Meinrad's Abbey in the afternoon to be received by the monks and student body. After the Office of the Dead, Bishop Ritter gave the final Absolution. The body was buried in the monastic cemetery. Father Thomas was laid to rest to the chanting of the "Benedictus" he had composed for the Chancel Choir.

An appreciation of Father Thomas's work and influence at St. Meinrad is not easy to write. His priestly life was devoted to many activities. He left the mark of his strong personality on all his work. For so many years Father Thomas was a leader that his abilities and achievements were no longer surprising. When one thinks of the choir and organ of the Abbey Church, the classroom, the stage, the athletic field, and the campus the name of Father Thomas is linked distinctively to each. The work must go on, new men will assume these tasks, but Father Thomas will live as a tradition in our seminary.

The whole story of Father Thomas's priestly life is woven with memories of St. Meinrad. Not many years after he came from Westphalia, Germany, with his parents he entered St. Meinrad's College to prepare for the priesthood. Yielding to the attraction for a cloistral life he received the monastic habit at the end of his college course. On September 8, 1908, he was professed as a Benedictine cleric. Ordination to the Holy Priesthood followed in June of 1914. With the opening of the new school year in the fall of 1914 Father Thomas began a long career in the seminary. Religion, German, and English were the classes of his specialty. The end of a class day was the beginning of more work for Father Thomas. Besides directing the choir, band, and orchestra he had the office of "Campus Director." From such a very impersonal title one could not value the splendid work Father Thomas did with the boys. This work made him the students' friend and developed that winning way which marked his years with the seminarians. Father Thomas helped the newcomers weather their first "blues" at boarding school, he promoted interest in sports and indoor activities; when the first danger signs of trouble appeared Father Thomas had that famous "heart-to-heart" session that usually pulled the boy out of a slump. His kind words and fatherly

interest were the sign post to the right road for many young students. The popularity of Father Thomas is no mystery—the boys grew up with him.

His work in the Minor Seminary added year to year until 1914 stretched into 1936. Then a new field of labor opened for Father Thomas, Marmion Military Academy in Aurora, Illinois, needed men to establish the policies of the new boarding school. Father Abbot selected Father Thomas to assist the Faculty with its school problems. He taught Religion and English and helped develop the musical program of the school.

Two years later Father Thomas returned to resume old standard posts in the Minor Seminary. The year 1938-39 passed by as the many years from 1914 to 1936 had done. He regained his same place in the boys' Hall of Fame. Father Thomas was a man the boys liked to remember; his name was a live memory

during his absence. The boys thought that Father Thomas had come back to stay.

But, Father Abbot needed a new Pastor for St. Benedict's Church, Evansville, Indiana. Father Thomas was his choice for the big task. From developing priests for more than a quarter of a century Father Thomas now turned all his abilities to caring for the people. His pastorate was brief—less than three years—when death on the 22nd of May made the final great change.

Father Thomas was widely known for his choir work and musical ability. Since ordination in 1914 he trained and directed the St. Gregory Chancel Choir at the Abbey. Under his efficient guidance the choir became an outstanding musical organization. This choir helped establish St. Meinrad's reputation for solemn and impressive liturgical service in the Abbey Church. Many selections sung by the choir were the original compositions of its director.

During the vacation periods Father Thomas devoted many hours to training choirs in various parish churches. At Aurora, Illinois, when he was stationed at Marmion Military Academy he organized and conducted a civic group known as the "Palestrina Choir." His own choir of 100 voices at St. Benedict's Church, Evansville, was making a name for distinctive church music. The great organ in the Abbey Church often responded to Father Thomas's skill as organist.

The monks of the Abbey, the students of the Seminary, and the people of St. Benedict's Parish laid Father Thomas to rest with regret. His rest is indeed well earned. But, this rest means a painful loss for us. A genial personality wins its way deep in the hearts of men. There the pain of loss hurts the most and lasts the longest. What men feel, not what they say, is the best tribute to Father Thomas. May he rest in peace!

Meditorials

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

Recipe for happiness: In the allotment of worry, take only your own. Do not steal the worries of others.

The Purgative Way is our way to God; the Illuminative and the Unitive is His way to us.

When a man values a victory over self higher than over another, he is a man.

Faith is the blind man of Jericho; and the vision of God is its reward.

When one has learned the weakness of human nature, then one has learned the nature of human nature.

Many a wise man's wisdom is his folly.

How often do we speak as though we possessed the attribute of personal infallibility?

The Gospel of Christ brings peace to men of good will, and trouble to those whose wills are evil.

The first moral snake-bite was suffered by Eve. And ever since every child of Adam and Eve has suffered from the effects of this poisonous bite by satan.

We often console ourselves in difficulties and sufferings that they are only temporary, but life itself is only temporary!

There should be at least two great loves in one's life: The love of God and the love of our neighbor. To bring the love of self between these two is to make oneself unhappy.

One reason why so many do not practice what they preach is that it is theory that they preach.

Feed a proud man's vanity and he will burst and thus be reduced to normal size.

Haste makes waste even in rushing to rash conclusions.

Straw-fire spirituality quickly burns out. The slow well-tended fire is the one that lasts.

Some people spend their whole lives being social-climbers only to find that there is nothing at the top of the ladder but a big funeral.

Blessings in disguise are difficult to discern at first, and sometimes it is not till we reach Heaven that they are unmasked.

When we read of the destruction of Cologne or other places, it should remind us that here we do not have "a lasting city."

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